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Garth

FAUCET

THE

WORKS

OF

SAMUEL GARTH, KNT.

I read thee over with a lover's eye;
Thou haſt no faults, or I no faults can ſpy!
Thou art all beauty, or all blindneſs I.
C. CODRINGTON.

DUBLIN:

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THE LIFE OF Sir SAMUEL GARTH.

SIR SAMUEL GARTH was deſcended of a good family in Yorkſhire, and ſent from ſchool to Peterhouſe college in Cambridge, where making choice of phyſic for his profeſſion, he acquainted himſelf with the fundamental principles, and preparatory requiſites of that uſeful ſcience. At the ſame time he had an admirable genius and taſte for polite literature, and being much delighted with thoſe ſtudies, he continued at the college ſpending his leiſure hours that way, till he took the degree of doctor of phyſic, July 7, 1691. Soon after which reſolving to ſettle to the practice of his profeſſion in London, he offered himſelf a candidate to the college of phyſicians there, and being examined March 12, 1692, was admitted fellow June 26th following.

The college at this time was engaged in that charitable project, of preſcribing to the ſick poor gratis, and furniſhing them alſo with medicines at prime coſt. The foundation of this charity was firſt begun by an unanimous vote paſſed July 28, 1687, ordering all their members to give their advice gratis, to all their ſick neighbouring poor, when deſired within the city of London, or ſeven miles round. And in the view of rendering this vote more effectual, another was paſſed Auguſt 13, 1688,

that the laboratory of the college ſhould be fitted up for preparing medicines for the poor, and alſo the room adjoining for a repoſitory. But this being diſliked by the apothecaries, they found means to raiſe a party afterwards in the college to oppoſe it; ſo that the deſign could not be carried into execution. The college was in this embroiled unhappy ſtate, when our author became a fellow, and concurring heartily with thoſe members, who reſolved, notwithſtanding all the diſcouragements they met with, to puſh on the charity, an order was made by the unanimous conſent of the ſociety in 1694, requiring ſtrict obedience from all their members to the order of 1688. This new order was preſented to the city June 18, 1695, for their aſſiſtance, but this too being defeated by the diſſolution of the common council at the end of the year; a propoſition was made to the public college, December 22, 1696, for a ſubſcription by the fellows, candidates, and licentiates, for carrying on the charity, by preparing medicines in a proper diſpenſatory for that purpoſe.

In the ſame year, Dr. Garth deteſting the behaviour of the apothecaries, as well as of ſome members of the faculty in this affair, reſolved to expoſe them in a proper ſatire; which he accordingly executed, with peculiar ſpirit and vivacity, in his admirable poem, intituled, "The "Diſpenſary." The firſt edition whereof came out in 1694, and it went through three impreſſions in a few months. This extraordinary encouragement, put him upon making ſeveral improvements in it, and in 1706, he publiſhed the ſixth edition with ſeveral deſcriptions and epiſodes never before printed. In 1697, he ſpoke the annual ſpeech in Latin before the college on St. Luke's day,

which being publiſhed ſoon after, brought it into a conteſt, whether the poet or the orator was moſt to be admired in him. In the firſt, he expoſed in the genteeleſt ſatire, the mean-ſpirited falſe brethren of the faculty. In the latter, he ridiculed the multifarious claſſes of the quacks, with a juſt ſpirit, and inimitable humour.

So much literary merit did not fail of gaining him a prodigious reputation as a polite ſcholar, which procured him admittance into the company and friendſhip of moſt of the nobility and gentry of both ſexes; who thereby, being inclined to try his ſkill in his profeſſion, were ſtill more pleaſed to find him anſwer their fondeſt wiſhes and expectations. By this means he came into vaſt practice, which he preſerved by his phyſical merit, and moreover, endeared himſelf to his patients, by his politeneſs, agreeable converſation, generoſity, and excellent good nature. It was theſe laſt qualities that prompted him in 1701, to provide a ſuitable interment for the ſhamefully abandoned corps of Mr. Dryden; which he cauſed to be brought to the college of phyſicians, propoſed and encouraged by his own example a ſubſcription for defraying the expence of a funeral, pronounced a proper oration over the great poet's remains, and afterwards attended the ſolemnity from Warwick-lane to Weſtminſter-abbey. It is commonly obſerved, that the making of a man's fortune is generally owing to ſome one lucky incident; and nothing was, perhaps, of more ſervice in that reſpect to Dr. Garth, than the opportunity he had of ſhewing what he was by this moſt memorable act of generoſity, tenderneſs, and piety.

In his Harveian ſpeech, he had ſtept a little aſide from the principal ſubject, to introduce a panegyric on king

William, and to record the bleſſings of the Revolution; the addreſs is warm and glowing: and to ſhew that his hand and heart went together, he entered with the firſt members who formed the famous Kit-Kat-Club, which conſiſted of above thirty noblemen and gentlemen, diſtinguiſhed by their excellent parts, and was erected in 1703, purely, in the deſign of diſtinguiſhing themſelves by a warm zeal for the Proteſtant Succeſſion in the Houſe of Hanover. The deſign of theſe gentlemen to recommend and encourage loyalty, by the powerful influence of pleaſantry, wit and humour, furniſhed our author with an opportunity of diſtinguiſhing himſelf amongſt the moſt diſtinguiſhed in thoſe qualities, by the extempore epigrams he made upon the toaſts of the club, which were inſcribed on their drinking glaſſes. In reality, this part of the conſtitution of that celebrated ſociety, muſt have been beſt ſuited both to our author's taſte and temper; for his party zeal was ſuch, as warmed his breaſt with a ſincere, ſteady and equal flame, without burſting out to any rage and fire, againſt thoſe who differed from him.

True learning is of no party. Dr. Garth was prompted not more by good ſenſe than by good nature, to make his muſe ſubſervient to his intereſt, by proceeding uniformly in the ſame road, without any malignant deviations. In this ſpirit, as he had enjoyed the ſun-ſhine of the court during lord Godolphin's adminiſtration in queen Anne's reign: ſo that miniſter had the pleaſure to find him among the firſt of thoſe, who paid the muſe's tribute on the reverſe of his fortune in 1710; and in the ſame unchangeable ſpirit, when both the ſenſe and poetry of this addreſs was attacked by Mr. Prior, with all the outrage of party virulence, he took no notice of

it; but, had the ſatisfaction to ſee an unanſwerable defence, made for him by Mr. Addiſon. The taſk, indeed, was eaſy enough, and is excellently expreſſed by that elegant writer in the concluſion of it, where he obſerves, that the ſame perſon who has endeavoured to prove that he who wrote the Diſpenſary was no poet, will very ſuddenly undertake to ſhew, that he who gained the battle of Blenheim was no general. It is beſide our preſent purpoſe, to ſhew the truth of this preſage. Indeed, there was no need of a prophetic ſpirit to inſpire the prediction. It was wrote in 1710, and the following year in December, the duke of Marlborough was removed from all his places, and having obtained leave to go beyond ſea embarked at Dover for Oſtend, November 30, 1712. Dr. Garth had lived in the particular favour and eſteem of this great man while in power, and when out of power, he wept in elegant verſe over his diſgrace and voluntary exile.

In the interim, the ſame ſpirit had dictated a dedication for an intended edition of Lucretius in 1711, to his late majeſty king George I. then elector of Brunſwick. Thus he perſevered in the ſame road, and in the end, it proved to bring him ſtreight to preferment. For on the acceſſion of that prince to the throne, our author had the honour of being knighted with the Duke of Marlborough's ſword, was appointed king's phyſician in ordinary, and phyſician-general to the army. Theſe were no more than juſt rewards even of his phyſical merit. He had gone through the office of cenſor of the college in 1702, and had practiſed always with great reputation, and a ſtrict regard to the honour and intereſt of the faculty, never ſtooping to proſtitute the honour and dignity of his

profeſſion through mean and ſordid views of ſelf-intereſt to any, even the moſt popular and wealthy apothecaries. In a ſteady adherence to this noble principle, he concurred with the much celebrated Dr. Radcliffe, with whom he was alſo often joined in phyſical conſultations.

He had a very extenſive practice, but was very moderate in his views of advancing his own fortune; his humanity and good nature, inclining him more to make uſe of the great intereſt he had with perſons in power, for the ſupport and encouragement of other men of letters. He choſe to live with the great in that degree of independenc and freedom, which became a man poſſeſſed of a ſuperior genius, whereof he was daily giving freſh proofs to the public. One of theſe was addreſſed to the preſent duke of Newcaſtle in 1715, intituled, Claremont; being written on the occaſion of giving that name to a village belonging to his grace, who was then only earl of Clare, which he had adorned with a beautiful and ſumptuous ſtructure. Among the latin writers, Ovid appears to have been the doctor's favorite author, and there was in reality a great reſemblance in their humours, their manners, and their poetry. One of his laſt performances in polite letters, was the tranſlation of the whole fourteenth book, and the ſtory of Cippus in the fifteenth book of the Metamorphoſis, theſe together, with an Engliſh verſion of the reſt were publiſhed in 1717, and he has prefixed an excellent preface to the whole, wherein he not only gives an idea of the work, and points out its principal beauties, but ſhews the uſes of the poem, and how it may be read to moſt profit.

The diſtemper which ſeized him the enſuing year, and ended not but with his life, cauſed a general con-

cern, and was particularly teſtified by Lord Lanſdown, a brother poet, though of a different party, in ſome admirable verſes written on the occaſion. He died after a ſhort illneſs which he bore with great patience, January 18, 1719. His loſs was lamented by another poetical brother, Mr. Pope, in a letter to a friend as follows: "The beſt natured of men," ſays this much admired poet, "Sir Samuel Garth, has left me in the trueſt concern for his loſs. His death was very heroical, and yet unaffected enough to have made a ſaint or a philoſopher famous. But ill tongues and worſe hearts, have branded even his laſt moments, as wrongfully as they did his life with irreligion. You muſt have heard many tales on this ſubject, but if ever there was a good Chriſtian, without knowing himſelf to be ſo, it was Dr. Garth." He was interred January 22d, in the church of Harrow on the Hill, near London, where he had cauſed a vault to be built for himſelf and his family; being ſurvived by an only daughter, married to the honourable colonel William Boyle, a younger ſon of the honourable colonel Henry Boyle, uncle to the laſt earl of Burlington of that name.

THE

DISPENSARY.

A

POEM.

——Hanc veniam petimuſque damuſque viciſſim.
Hor. de Arte Poet.

TO

ANTHONY HENLEY, Esq.

A MAN of your character can no more prevent a dedication, than he would encourage one, for merit, like a virgin's bluſhes, is ſtill moſt diſcovered, when it labours moſt to be concealed.

'Tis hard, that to think well of you, ſhould be but juſtice, and to tell you ſo ſhould be an offence: thus rather than violate your modeſty, I muſt be wanting to your other virtues; and to gratify one good quality, do wrong to a thouſand.

The world generally meaſures our eſteem by the ardour of our pretences; and will ſcarce believe that ſo much zeal in the heart, can be conſiſtent with ſo much faintneſs in the expreſſion; but when they reflect on your readineſs to do good, and your induſtry to hide it; on your paſſion to oblige, and your pain to hear it owned; they will conclude that acknowledgements would be ungrateful to a perſon, who even ſeems to receive the obligations he confers.

But though I ſhould perſuade myſelf to be ſilent upon all occaſions; thoſe more polite arts, which, till of late, have languiſhed and decayed, would appear under their preſent advantages, and own you for one of their generous reſtorers; inſomuch, that ſculpture now breathes, painting ſpeaks, muſic raviſhes; and as you help to refine our taſte, you diſtinguiſh your own.

Your approbation of this poem, is the only exception to the opinion the world has of your judgment, that ought to reliſh nothing ſo much as what you write yourſelf: but you are reſolved to forget to be a critic, by remembering you are a friend. To ſay more, would be uneaſy to you; and to ſay leſs, would be unjuſt in

Your humble ſervant.

THE PREFACE.

SINCE this following poem in a manner ſtole into the world, I could not be ſurprized to find it uncorrect: though I can no more ſay I was a ſtranger to its coming abroad, than I approved of the publiſher's precipitation in doing it: for a hurry in the execution, generally produces a leiſure in reflexion; ſo when we run the faſteſt, we ſtumble the oftneſt. However, the errors of the printer have not been greater than the candor of the reader: and if I could but ſay the ſame of the defects of the author, he would need no juſtification againſt the cavils of ſome furious critics, who, I am ſure, would have been better pleaſed if they had met with more faults.

Their grand objection is, that the fury Diſeaſe is an improper machine to recite characters, and recommend the example of preſent writers: but though I had the authority of ſome Greek and Latin poets, upon parallel inſtances, to juſtify the deſign; yet that I might not introduce any thing that ſeemed inconſiſtent, or hard, I ſtarted this objection myſelf, to a gentleman, very remarkable in this ſort of criticiſm, who would by no means allow that the contrivance was forced, or the conduct incongruous.

Diſeaſe is repreſented a Fury as well as Envy: ſhe is imagined to be forced by an incantation from her receſs; and to be revenged on the exorciſt, mortifies him with an introduction of ſeveral perſons eminent in an accompliſhment he has made ſome advances in.

Nor is the compliment leſs to any great genius mentioned there; ſince a very fiend, who naturally repines

at any excellency, is forced to confeſs how happily they have all ſucceeded.

Their next objection is, that I have imitated the Lutrin of Monſieur Boileau. I muſt own I am proud of the imputation; unleſs their quarrel be, that I have not done it enough: but he that will give himſelf the trouble of examining, will find I have copied him in nothing but in two or three lines in the complaint of Moleſſe, Canto II. and in one in his firſt Canto; the ſenſe of which line is entirely his, and I could wiſh it were not the only good one in mine.

I have ſpoke to the moſt material objections I have heard of, and ſhall tell theſe Gentlemen, that for every fault they pretend to find in this poem, I'll undertake to ſhew them two. One of theſe curious perſons does me the honour to ſay, he approves of the concluſion of it; but I ſuppoſe 'tis upon no other reaſon, but becauſe 'tis the concluſion. However, I ſhould not be much concerned not to be thought excellent in an amuſement I have very little practiſed hitherto, nor perhaps ever ſhall again.

Reputation of this ſort is very hard to be got, and very eaſy to be loſt; its purſuit is painful, and its poſſeſſion unfruitful; nor had I ever attempted any thing in this kind, 'till finding the animoſities among the members of the college of phyſicians increaſing daily (notwithſtanding the frequent exhortations of our worthy preſident to the contrary) I was perſuaded to attempt ſomething of this nature, and to endeavour to rally ſome of our diſaffected members into a ſenſe of their duty, who have hitherto moſt obſtinately oppoſed all manner of union; and have continued ſo unreaſonably refractory, that it was thought

fit by the college to reinforce the obſervance of the ſtatutes by a bond, which ſome of them would not comply with, though none of them had refuſed the ceremony of the cuſtomary oath; like ſome that will truſt their wives with any body, but their money with none. I was ſorry to find there could be any conſtitution that was not to be cured without poiſon, and that there ſhould be a proſpect of effecting it by a leſs grateful Method than reaſon and perſuaſion.

The original of this difference has been of ſome ſtanding, though it did not break out to fury and exceſs, 'till the time of erecting the diſpenſary, being an apartment in the college, ſet up for the Relief of the ſick poor, and managed ever ſince with an integrity and diſintereſt, ſuitable to ſo charitable a deſign.

If any perſon would be more fully informed about the particulars of ſo pious a work, I refer him to a treatiſe, ſet forth by the authority of the preſident and cenſors, in the year 1697. 'Tis called, "A ſhort account of "the proceedings of the College of Phyſicians, London, "in relation to the ſick Poor." The reader may there not only be informed of the riſe and progreſs of this ſo public an undertaking, but alſo of the concurrence and encouragement it met with from the moſt, as well as the moſt ancient members of the ſociety, notwithſtanding the vigorous oppoſition of a few men, who thought it their intereſt to defeat ſo laudable a deſign.

The intention of this preface is not to perſuade mankind to enter into our quarrels, but to vindicate the author from being cenſured of taking any indecent liberty with a faculty he has the honour to be a member of. If the ſatire may appear directed at any par-

ticular perſon, 'tis at ſuch only as are preſumed to be engaged in diſhonourable confederacies for mean and mercenary ends, againſt the dignity of their own profeſſion. But if there be no ſuch, then theſe characters are but imaginary, and by conſequence ought to give no body offence.

The deſcription of the battle is grounded upon a feud that happened in the diſpenſary, betwixt a member of the college with his retinue, and ſome of the ſervants that attended there to diſpenſe the medicines; and is ſo far real, though the poetical relation be fictitious. I hope no body will think the author too undecently reflecting through the whole, who being too liable to faults himſelf, ought to be leſs ſevere upon the miſcarriages of others. There is a character in this trivial performance, which the town, I find, applies to a particular perſon: 'tis a reflexion which I ſhould be ſorry ſhould give offence; being no more than what may be ſaid of any phyſician remarkable for much practice. The killing of numbers of patients is ſo trite a piece of raillery, that it ought not to make the leaſt impreſſion, either upon the reader, or the perſon it is applied to; being one that I think in my conſcience a very able phyſician, as well as a gentleman of extraordinary learning. If I am hard upon any one, it is my reader: but ſome worthy gentlemen, as remarkable for their humanity as their extraordinary parts, have taken care to make him amends for it, by prefixing ſomething of their own.

I confeſs, thoſe ingenious gentlemen have done me great honour; but while they deſign an imaginary panegyric upon me, they have made a real one upon themſelves; and by ſaying how much this ſmall performance exceeds ſome others, they convince the world how far it falls ſhort of theirs.

VERSES

ADDRESSED TO

Dr. GARTH,

UPON THE

DISPENSARY.

OH that ſome genius, whoſe poetic vein,
Like Montague's cou'd a juſt piece ſuſtain.
Wou'd ſearch the Grecian and the Latin ſtore,
And thence preſent thee with the pureſt oar:
In laſting numbers praiſe thy whole deſign,
And manly beauty of each nervous line:
Show how your pointed ſatyr's ſterling wit
Does only knaves, or formal blockheads hit;
Who're gravely dull, inſipidly ſerene,
And carry all their wiſdom in their mein.
Whom thus expos'd, thus ſtrip'd of their diſguiſe
None will again admire, moſt will deſpiſe.
Show in what noble verſe, Naſſau you ſing,
How ſuch a poet's worthy ſuch a king.
When Somers' charming eloquence you praiſe,
How loftily your tuneful voice you raiſe!
But my poor feeble muſe is as unfit
To praiſe, as imitate what you have writ.
Artiſts alone ſhou'd venture to commend
What Dennis can't condemn, nor Dryden mend
What muſt, writ with that fire and with that eaſe,
The beaux, the ladies and the critics pleaſe.

TO MY

FRIEND THE AUTHOR,

DESIRING MY

OPINION OF HIS POEM.

ASK me not, friend, what I approve or blame;
Perhaps I know not why I like, or damn;
I can be pleas'd; and I dare own I am.
I read thee over with a lover's eye;
Thou haſt no faults, or I no faults can ſpy!
Thou art all beauty, or all blindneſs I.
Critics and aged beaux of fancy chaſte,
Who ne'er had fire, or elſe whoſe fire is paſt,
Muſt judge by rules what they want ſenſe to taſte,
I would a poet, like a miſtreſs try,
Not by her hair, her hand, her noſe, her eye;
But by ſome nameleſs pow'r, to give me joy.
The nymph has Grafton's, Cecil's, Churchill's charms,
If with reſiſtleſs fires my ſoul ſhe warms,
With balm upon her lips, and raptures in her arms.
Such is thy genius, and ſuch art is thine,
Some ſecret magick works in ev'ry line;
We judge not, but we feel the pow'r divine.
Where all is juſt, is beauteous, and is fair,
Diſtinctions vaniſh of peculiar air.
Loſt in our pleaſure, we enjoy in you
Lucretius, Horace, Sheffield, Montague.
And yet 'tis thought, ſome critics in this town
By rules to all but to themſelves, unknown
Will damn thy verſe, and juſtifie their own.

Why, let them damn: were it not wondrous hard
Facetious Mirmil, and the city Bard
So near ally'd in learning, wit, and ſkill,
Shou'd not have leave to judge, as well as kill?
Nay, let them write; let them their forces join,
And hope the motly piece may rival thine.
Safely deſpiſe their malice, and their toil,
Which vulgar ears alone will reach, and will defile.
Be it thy gen'rous pride to pleaſe the beſt,
Whoſe judgement, and whoſe friendſhip is a teſt.
With learned Hans thy healing cares be join'd,
Search thoughtful Ratcliff to his in-moſt mind:
Unite, reſtore your arts, and ſave mankind.
Whilſt all the buſy Mirmills of the town
Envy our health, and pine away their own.
Whene'er thou wou'd'ſt a tempting muſe engage,
Judicious Walſh can beſt direct her rage.
To Somers, and to Dorſet too ſubmit,
And let their ſtamp immortalize thy wit.
Conſenting Phœbus bows, if they approve,
And ranks thee with the foremoſt bards above:
Whilſt theſe of right the deathleſs laurel ſend,
Be it thy humble buſineſs to commend
The faithful, honeſt man, and the well-natur'd friend.

C. CODRINGTON.

TO MY FRIEND

Dr. GARTH,

THE AUTHOR OF THE

DISPENSARY.

TO praiſe your healing art wou'd be in vain;
The health you give, prevents the poet's pen.
Sufficiently confirm'd is your renown,
And I but fill the chorus of the town.
That let me wave, and only now admire
The dazling rays of your poetic fire;
Which its diffuſive virtue does diſpenſe,
In flowing verſe, and elevated ſenſe.
The town, which long has ſwallow'd fooliſh verſe,
Which poetaſters every where rehearſe;
Will mend their judgment now, refine their taſte,
And gather up th' applauſe they threw in waſte.
The play-houſe ſhan't encourage falſe ſublime,
Abortive thoughts, with decoration-rhime.
The ſatyr of vile ſcribblers ſhall appear
On none, except upon themſelves ſevere:
While yours contemns the gall of vulgar ſpite;
And when you ſeem to ſmile the moſt, you bite.

THO. CHEEK.

TO MY

F R I E N D,

UPON THE

D I S P E N S A R Y.

AS when the people of the northern zone
Find the approach of the revolving ſun,
Pleas'd and reviv'd, they ſee the new-born light,
And dread no more eternity of night:
Thus we, who lately as of ſummer's heat
Have felt a dearth of poetry and wit;
Once fear'd, Apollo would return no more
From warmer climes to an ungrateful ſhore.
But you the fav'rite of the tuneful nine,
Have made the God in his full luſtre ſhine;
Our night have chang'd into a glorious day;
And reach'd perfection in your firſt eſſay:
So the young eagle that his force would try,
Faces the ſun, and tow'rs it to the ſky.
Others proceed to art by ſlow degrees,
Aukward at firſt, at length they faintly pleaſe,
And ſtill whate'er their firſt efforts produce,
'Tis an abortive, or an infant muſe:
Whilſt yours, like Pallas from the head of Jove,
Steps out full grown, with nobleſt pace to move.
What ancient poets to their ſubjects owe,
Is here inverted, and this owes to you:
You found it little, but have made it great;
They could deſcribe, but you alone create.

Now let your muſe riſe with expanded wings,
To ſing the fate of empires, and of kings;
Great WILLIAM's victories ſhe'll next rehearſe.
And raiſe a trophy of immortal verſe:
Thus to your art proportion the deſign,
And mighty things with mighty numbers join,
A ſecond Namur, or a future Boyne.

H. BLOUNT.

THE

DISPENSARY.

CANTO. I.

SPEAK, Goddeſs! ſince 'tis thou that beſt can tell,
How ancient leagues to modern diſcord fell;
And why phyſicians were ſo cautious grown
Of other's lives, and laviſh of their own;
How by a journey to th' Elyſian plain
Peace triumph'd, and old time return'd again.
Not far from that moſt celebrated place,
Where angry juſtice ſhews her awful face;

Where little villains muſt ſubmit to fate,
That great ones may enjoy the world in ſtate;
There ſtands a Dome, majeſtick to the ſight,
And ſumptuous arches bear its oval height;
A golden globe plac'd high with artful ſkill,
Seems, to the diſtant ſight, a gilded pill:
This pile was, by the pious patron's aim,
Rais'd for a uſe as noble as its frame;
Nor did the learn'd ſociety decline
The propagation of that great deſign;
In all her mazes, nature's face they view'd,
And as ſhe diſappear'd, their ſearch purſu'd.
Wrapt in the ſhade of night the goddeſs lies,
Yet to the learn'd unveils her dark diſguiſe,
But ſhuns the groſs acceſs of vulgar eyes.
Now ſhe unfolds the faint, and dawning ſtrife
Of infant atoms kindling into life;
How ductile matter new meanders takes,
And ſlender trains of twiſting fibres makes;
And how the viſcous ſeeks a cloſer tone,
By juſt degrees to harden into bone;
While the more looſe flow from the vital urn,
And in full tides of purple ſtreams return;
How lambent flames from life's bright lamps ariſe,
And dart in emanations through the eyes;
How from each fluice a gentle torrent pours,
To ſlake a fev'riſh heat with ambient ſhow'rs;
Whence, their mechanic pow'rs, the ſpirits claim;
How great their force, how delicate their frame;
How the ſame nerves are faſhion'd to ſuſtain
The greateſt pleaſure and the greateſt pain.

Why bileous juice a golden light puts on,
And floods of chyle in ſilver currents run;
How the dim ſpeck of entity began
T' extend its recent form, and ſtretch to man;
To how minute an origin we owe
Young Ammon, Cæſar, and the great Naſſau;
Why paler looks impetuous rage proclaim,
And why chill virgins redden into flame;
Why envy oft transforms with wan diſguiſe,
And why gay mirth ſits ſmiling in the eyes;
All ice why Lucrece, or Sempronia, fire,
Why Southwell rages to ſurvive deſire.
Whence Milo's vigour at th' Olympick ſhown,
Whence tropes to Finch, or impudence to Sloane;
How matter, by the vary'd ſhape of pores,
Or idiots frames, or ſolemn ſenators.
Hence, 'tis we wait the wond'rous cauſe to find,
How body acts upon impaſſive mind:
How fumes of wine the thinking part can fire,
Paſt hopes revive, and preſent joys inſpire:
Why our complexions oft our ſouls declare,
And how the paſſions in the features are:
How touch and harmony ariſe between
Corporeal figure, and a form unſeen:
How quick their faculties the limbs fulfil,
And act at ev'ry ſummons of the will.
With mighty truths, myſterious to deſcry,
Which in the womb of diſtant cauſes lie.
But now no grand enquiries are deſcry'd,
Mean faction reigns, where knowledge ſhou'd preſide,
Feuds are increas'd, and learning laid aſide.

Thus ſynods oft, concern for faith conceal,
And for important nothings ſhew a zeal:
The drooping ſciences neglected pine,
And Pæan's beams with fading luſtre ſhine.
No readers here with hectic looks are found,
Nor eyes in rheum, thro' midnight watching, drown'
The lonely edifice in ſweats complains
That nothing there but ſullen ſilence reigns.
This place ſo fit for undiſturb'd repoſe,
The God of ſloth for his aſylum choſe;
Upon a couch of down in theſe abodes,
Supine with folded arms he thoughtleſs nods;
Indulging dreams his Godhead lull to eaſe,
With murmurs of ſoft rills, and whiſp'ring trees;
The poppy and each numbing plant diſpenſe
Their drowſy virtue, and dull indolence;
No paſſions interrupt his eaſy reign,
No problems puzzle his lethargic brain,
But dark oblivion guards his peaceful bed,
And lazy fogs hang ling'ring o'er his head.
As at full length the pamper'd monarch lay
Batt'ning in eaſe, and ſlumb'ring life away:
A ſpiteful noiſe his downy chains unties,
Haſtes forward, and increaſes as it flies.
Firſt, ſome to cleave the flubborn flint engage,
'Till urg'd by blows, it ſparkles into rage:
Some temper lute, ſome ſpacious veſſels move;
Theſe furnaces erect, and thoſe approve.
Here phials in nice diſcipline are ſet,
There gallipots are rang'd in alphabet.
In this place, magazines of pills you ſpy;
In that, like forage, herbs in bundles lie;

While liſted peſtles, brandiſh'd in the air
Deſcend in peals, and civil wars declare.
Loud ſtrokes, with pounding ſpice, the ſabric rend,
And aromatic clouds in ſpires aſcend.
So when the Cyclops o'er their anvils ſweat,
And ſwelling ſinews echoing blows repeat;
From the volcano's groſs eruptions riſe,
And curling ſheets of ſmoke aſcend the ſkies.
The ſlumb'ring God, amaz'd at this new din,
Thrice ſtrove to riſe, and thrice ſunk down again.
Liſtleſs he ſtretch'd, and gaping rubb'd his eyes,
Then ſalter'd thus betwixt half words and ſighs.
How impotent a Deity am I!
With Godhead born, but curs'd, that cannot die!
Thro' my indulgence, mortals hourly ſhare
A grateful negligence, and eaſe from care.
Lull'd in my arms, how long have I withheld
The northern monarchs from the duſty field?
How have I kept the Britiſh fleet at eaſe,
From tempting the rough dangers of the ſeas?
Hibernia owns the mildneſs of my reign,
And my Divinity's ador'd in Spain,
I wains to ſylvan ſolitudes convey,
Where ſtretch'd on moſſy beds, they waſte away
In gentle joys the night, in vows the day.
What marks of wond'rous clemency I've ſhown,
Some reverend worthies of the gown can own.
Triumphant plenty, with a cheerful grace,
Baſks in their eyes, and ſparkles in their face.
How ſleek their looks, how goodly is their mein,
When big they ſtrut behind a double chin!

Each faculty in blandiſhment they lull,
Aſpiring to be venerably dull;
No learn'd debates moleſt their downy trance,
Or diſcompoſe their pompous ignorance;
But undiſturb'd, they loiter life away,
So wither green, and bloſſom in decay.
Deep ſunk in down, they, by my gentle care,
Avoid th' inclemencies of morning air,
And leave to tatter'd crape the drudgery of pray'r.
Urim was civil, and not void of ſenſe,
Had humour, and a courteous confidence;
So ſpruce he moves, ſo gracefully he cocks,
The hallow'd roſe declares him orthodox;
He paſs'd his eaſy hours, inſtead of pray'r,
In madrigals, and phillifing the fair;
Conſtant at feaſts, and each decorum knew,
And ſoon as the deſert appear'd, withdrew;
Always obliging, and without offence,
And fancy'd for his gay impertinence.
But ſee how ill-miſtaken parts ſucceed;
He threw off my dominion, and would read;
Engag'd in controverſy, wrangled well;
In convocation-language cou'd excel;
In volumes prov'd the church without defence,
By nothing guarded, but by providence:
How grace and moderation diſagree;
And violence advances charity.
Thus writ 'till none wou'd read, becoming ſoon,
A wretched ſcribler, of a rare buffoon.
Mankind my fond propitious pow'r has try'd,
Too oft to own, too much to be deny'd.

And all I aſk, are ſhades and ſilent bow'rs,
To paſs in ſoft forgetfulneſs my hours.
Oft have my fears ſome diſtant villa choſe,
O'er their quietus where fat judges doſe,
And lull their cough and conſcience to repoſe:
Or if ſome cloiſter's refuge I implore,
Where holy drones o'er dying tapers ſnore:
The peals of Naſſau's arms theſe eyes uncloſe,
Mine he moleſts, to give the world repoſe.
That eaſe I offer with contempt he flies,
His couch a trench, his canopy the ſkies
Nor climes nor ſeaſons his reſolves controul,
Th' æquator has no heat, no ice the pole.
With arms reſiſtleſs o'er the globe he flies,
And leaves to Jove the empire o' the ſkies.
But as the ſlothful God to yawn begun,
He ſhook off the dull miſt, and thus went on.
'Twas in this rev'rend dome I ſought repoſe,
Theſe walls were that aſylum I had choſe.
Here have I rul'd long undiſturb'd with broils,
And laugh'd at heroes, and their glorious toils.
My annals are in mouldy mildews wrought,
With eaſy inſignificance of thought.
But now ſome buſy enterpriſing brain
Invents new fancies to renew my pain,
And labours to diſſolve my eaſy reign.
With that, the God his darling Phantom calls,
And from his falt'ring lips this meſſage falls:
Since mortals will diſpute my power, I'll try
Who has the greateſt empire, they or I.
Find envy out, ſome prince's court attend,
Moſt likely there you'll meet the famiſh'd fiend;

Or where dull critics th' author's fate foretel;
Or where ſtale maids, or meagre eunuchs dwell.
Tell the bleak fury what new projects reign,
Among the homicides of Warwick-lane;
And what th' event, unleſs ſhe ſtraight inclines
To blaſt their hopes, and baffle their deſigns.
More he had ſpoke, but ſudden vapours riſe,
And with their ſilken cords tie down his eyes.

CANTO II.

SOON as the evening veil'd the mountains heads
And winds lay huſh'd in ſubterranean beds;
Whilſt ſick'ning flow'rs drink up the ſilver dew,
And beaus, for ſome aſſembly dreſs anew;
The city ſaints to pray'rs and play-houſe haſte;
The rich to dinner, and the poor to reſt:
Officious Phantom then prepar'd with care
To ſlide on tender pinions through the air.
Oft he attempts the ſummit of a rock,
And oft the hollow of ſome blaſted oak;
At length approaching where bleak envy lay;
The hiſſing of her ſnakes proclaim'd the way.
Beneath the gloomy covert of an yew,
That taints the graſs with ſickly ſweats of dew;
No verdant beauty entertains the ſight,
But baneful hemlock, and cold aconite;
In a dark grott the baleful haggard lay,
Breathing black vengeance, and infecting day,
But how deform'd, and worn with ſpiteful woes,
When Accius has applauſe, Dorſennus ſhows.
The cheerful blood her meager cheeks forſook,
And baſiliſks ſat brooding in her look;
A bald and bloated toad-ſtool rais'd her head;
The plumes of boding ravens were her bed:
From her chapp'd noſtrils ſcalding torrents fall,
And her ſunk eyes boil o'er in floods of gall.

Volcanos labour thus with inward pains,
While ſeas of melted ore lay waſte the plains.
Around the fiend in hideous order ſate
Foul bawling infamy, and bold debate:
Gruff diſcontent, thro' ignorance miſled,
And clam'rous faction at her party's head:
Reſtleſs ſedition ſtill diſſembling fear,
And ſly hypocriſy with pious leer.
Glouting with ſullen ſpite the fury ſhook
Her clotted locks, and blaſted with each look,
Then tore with canker'd teeth the pregnant ſcrolls,
Where fame the acts of Demi-gods enrolls,
And as the rent records in pieces fell,
Each ſcrap did ſome immortal action tell.
This ſhew'd, how fixed as fate Torquatus ſtood,
That, the fam'd paſſage of the Granic flood.
The Julian eagles, here their wings diſplay,
And there like ſetting ſtars, the Decii lay;
This does Camillus as a God extol,
That points at Manlius in the capitol.
How Cocles did the Tiber's ſurges brave,
How Curtius plung'd into the gaping grave.
Great Cyrus, here, the Medes and Perſians join,
And, there, th' immortal battle of the Boyne.
As the light meſſenger the fury ſpy'd,
A while his curdling blood forgot to glide:
Confuſion on his fainting vitals hung,
And falt'ring accents flutter'd on his tongue;
At length, aſſuming courage, he convey'd
His Errand, then he ſhrunk into a ſhade.
The hag lay long revolving what might be
The bleſt event of ſuch an embaſſy:

Then blazons in dread ſmiles her hideous form:
So light'ning gilds the unrelenting ſtorm.
Thus ſhe—mankind are bleſt, they riot ſtill
Unbounded in exorbitance of ill.
By devaſtation the rough warrior gains,
And farmers fatten moſt when famine reigns;
For ſickly ſeaſons the phyſicians wait,
And politicians thrive in broils of ſtate;
The lover's eaſy when the fair-one ſighs,
And Gods ſubſiſt not but by ſacrifice.
Each other being ſome indulgence knows;
Few are my joys, but infinite my woes.
My preſent pain Britannia's genius wills,
And thus the fates record my future ills.
A heroine ſhall Albion's ſcepter bear,
With arms ſhall vanquiſh earth, and heav'n with pray'r.
She on the world her clemency ſhall ſhow'r,
And only to preſerve, exert her pow'r.
Tyrants ſhall then their impious aims forbear,
And Blenheim's thunder more than Ætna's fear.
Since by no arts I therefore can defeat
The happy enterpriſes of the great,
I'll calmly ſtoop to more inferior things,
And try if my lov'd ſnakes have teeth or ſtings.
She ſaid; and ſtraight ſhrill Colon's perſon took,
In morals looſe, but moſt preciſe in look.
Black-friers annals lately pleas'd to call
Him warden of apothecaries-hall:
And, when ſo dignify'd, did not forbear
That operation which the learn'd declare
Gives colics eaſe, and makes the ladies fair.

In trifling ſhew his tinſel talent lies,
And form the want of intellects ſupplies.
In aſpect grand and goodly he appears,
Rever'd as patriarchs in primæval years.
Hourly his learn'd impertinence affords
A barren ſuperfluity of words,
The patient's ears remorſeleſs he aſſails,
Murders with jargon where his med'cine fails.
The Fury thus aſſuming Colon's grace,
So ſlung her arms, ſo ſhuffl'd in her pace.
Onward ſhe haſtens to the fam'd abodes,
Where Horoſcope invokes th' infernal Gods;
And reach'd the manſion where the vulgar run,
For ruin throng, and pay to be undone.
This viſionary various project tries,
And knows, that to be rich is to be wiſe.
By uſeful obſervations he can tell
The ſacred charms that in true ſterling dwell.
How gold makes a patrician of a ſlave,
A Dwarf an Atlas, a Therſites brave.
It cancels all defects, and in their place
Finds ſenſe in Brownlow, charms in lady Grace;
It guides the fancy, and directs the mind;
No bankrupt ever found a fair-one kind.
So truly Horoſcope its virtues knows,
To this lov'd idol 'tis, alone, he bows;
And fancies ſuch bright heraldry can prove,
The vile plebeian but the third from Jove.
Long has he been of that amphibious fry,
Bold to preſcribe, and buſy to apply.
His Shop the gazing vulgar's eyes employs
With foreign trinkets, and domeſtic toys.

Here mummies lay moſt reverendly ſtale,
And there, the tortoiſe hung her coat of mail;
Not far from ſome huge ſhark's devouring head
The flying fiſh their finny pinions ſpread.
Aloft in rows large poppy-heads were ſtrung,
And near, a ſcaly alligator hung.
In this place, drugs in muſty heaps decay'd;
In that, dry'd bladders and drawn teeth were laid.
An inner room receives the num'rous ſhoals,
Of ſuch as pay to be reputed fools.
Globes ſtand by globes, volumes on volumes lie,
And planetary ſchemes amuſe the eye.
The ſage, in velvet chair, here lolls at eaſe,
To promiſe future health for preſent fees.
Then, as from tripod, ſolemn ſhams reveals,
And what the ſtars know nothing of, foretels.
One aſks how ſoon Panthea may be won,
And longs to feel the marriage fetters on:
Others, convinc'd by melancholy proof,
Enquire when courteous fates will ſtrike them off.
Some by what means they may redreſs their wrong,
When fathers the poſſeſſion keep too long.
And ſome would know the iſſue of their cauſe,
And whether gold can ſolder up its flaws.
Poor pregnant Laïs his advice would have,
To looſe by art what fruitful nature gave;
And Portia old in expectation grown,
Laments her barren curſe, and begs a ſon.
Whilſt Iris his coſmetic waſh would try,
To make her bloom revive, and lovers die.
Some aſk for charms, and others philters chooſe,
To gain Corinna, and their quartans looſe.

Young Hylas, blotch'd with ſtains too foul to name,
In cradle here renews his youthful frame:
Cloy'd with deſire, and ſurfeited with charms,
A hot-houſe he prefers to Julia's arms.
And old Lucullus would th' arcanum prove,
Of kindling in cold veins the ſparks of love.
Bleak envy theſe dull frauds with pleaſure ſees,
And wonders at the ſenſeleſs myſteries.
In Colon's voice ſhe thus calls out aloud
On Horoſcope environ'd by the croud.
Forbear, forbear, thy vain amuſements ceaſe,
Thy Woodcocks, from their gins awhile releaſe;
And to that dire misfortune liſten well,
Which thou ſhou'dſt fear to know, or I to tell.
'Tis true, thou ever waſt eſteem'd by me
The great Alcides of our company.
When we with noble ſcorn reſolv'd to eaſe
Ourſelves from all parochial offices;
And to our wealthier patients left the care,
And draggled dignity of ſcavenger;
Such zeal in that affair thou did'ſt expreſs,
Nought cou'd be equal, but the great ſucceſs.
Now call to mind thy gen'rous proweſs paſt,
Be what thou ſhou'dſt, by thinking what thou waſt:
The faculty of Warwick-lane deſign,
If not to ſtorm, at leaſt to undermine.
Their gates each day ten thouſand night-caps croud.
And mortars utter their attempts aloud.
If they ſhould once unmaſk our myſtery,
Each nurſe, ere-long, wou'd be as learn'd as we.
Our art expos'd to ev'ry vulgar eye,
And none, in complaiſance to us, wou'd die.

What if we claim their right t'aſſaſſinate,
Muſt they needs turn apothecaries ſtraight?
Prevent it, Gods! all ſtratagems we try,
To croud with new inhabitants your ſky.
'Tis we who wait the deſtinies command,
To purge the troubled air and weed the land.
And dare the college inſolently aim
To equal our fraternity in fame?
Then let crabs-eyes with pearl for virtue try,
Or Highgate-hill with lofty Pindus vie;
So glow-worms may compare with Titan's beams,
And Hare-court pump with Aganippe's ſtreams.
Our manufactures now they meanly ſell,
And their true value treacherouſly tell;
Nay, they diſcover too, their ſpite is ſuch,
That health, than crowns more valu'd, coſt not much;
Whilſt we muſt ſteer our conduct by theſe rules,
To cheat as tradeſmen, or to ſtarve as fools.
At this fam'd Horoſcope turn'd pale, and ſtraight
In ſilence tumbl'd from his chair of ſtate,
The croud in great confuſion ſought the door,
And left the Magus fainting on the floor.
Whilſt in his breaſt the fury breath'd a ſtorm,
Then ſought her cell, and re-aſſum'd her form.
Thus from the ſore altho' the inſect flies,
It leaves a brood of maggots in diſguiſe.
Officious Squirt in haſte forſook his ſhop,
To ſuccour the expiring Horoſcope.
Oft he eſſay'd the Magus to reſtore,
By ſalt of Succinum's prevailing pow'r;
Yet ſtill ſupine the ſolid lumber lay
An image of ſcarce animated clay;

Till fate, indulgent when diſaſters call,
By Squirt's nice hand apply'd a urinal;
The wight no ſooner did the ſteam receive,
But rous'd, and bleſs'd the ſtale reſtorative.
The Springs of life their former vigour feel,
Such zeal he had for that vile utenſil.
So when the great Pelides, Thetis found,
He knew the ſea-weed ſcent, and th' azure Goddeſs own'd.

CANTO III.

ALL night the ſage in penſive tumults lay,
Complaining of the ſlow approach of day;
Oft turn'd him round, and ſtrove to think no more
Of what ſhrill Colon ſaid the day before.
Cowſlips and poppies o'er his eyes he ſpread,
And Salmon's works he laid beneath his head.
But thoſe bleſs'd opiates ſtill in vain he tries,
Sleep's gentle image his embraces flies;
Tumultuous cares lay rolling in his breaſt,
And thus his anxious thoughts the ſage expreſt.
Oft has this planet roll'd around the ſun,
Since to conſult the ſkies, I firſt begun:
Such my applauſe, ſo mighty my Succeſs,
Some granted my prediction more than gueſs.
But, doubtful as I am, I'll entertain
This faith, there can be no miſtake in gain.
For the dull world moſt honour pay to thoſe
Who on their underſtandings moſt impoſe.
Firſt man creates, and then he fears the elf,
Thus others cheat him not, but he himſelf;
He loaths the ſubſtance, and he loves the ſhow;
You'll ne'er convince a fool, himſelf is ſo:
He hates realities, and hugs the cheat,
And ſtill the only pleaſure's the deceit.
So meteors flatter with a dazling dye
Which no exiſtence has, but in the eye.

As diſtant proſpects pleaſe us, but when near,
We find but deſart rocks, and fleeting air.
From ſtratagem to ſtratagem we run,
And he knows moſt who lateſt is undone.
Mankind one day ſerene and free appear;
The next, they're cloudy, ſullen, and ſevere:
New paſſions, new opinions ſtill excite,
And what they like at noon, they leave at night.
They gain with labour what they quit with eaſe,
And health, for want of change, becomes diſeaſe.
Religion's bright authority they dare,
And yet are ſlaves to ſuperſtitious fear.
They counſel others, but themſelves deceive,
And tho' they're cozen'd ſtill, they ſtill believe.
So falſe their cenſure, fickle their eſteem,
This hour they worſhip; and the next blaſpheme.
Shall I then, who with penetrating ſight,
Inſpect the ſprings that guide each appetite:
Who with unfathom'd ſearches hourly pierce
The dark receſſes of the univerſe,
Be aw'd, if puny emmets wou'd oppreſs;
Or fear their fury, or their name careſs?
If all the fiends that in low darkneſs reign,
Be not the fictions of a ſickly brain,
That project, the Diſpenſary they call,
Before the moon can blunt her horns, ſhall fall.
With that, a glance from mild Aurora's eyes
Shoots thro' the cryſtal kingdoms of the ſkies;
The ſavage kind in foreſts ceaſe to roam,
And ſots o'ercharg'd with nauſeous loads reel home.
Drums, trumpets, hautboys wake the ſlumbring pair;
Whilſt bridegroom ſighs, and thinks the bride leſs fair.

Light's cheerful ſmiles o'er th' azure waſte are ſpread,
And miſs from Inns o' Court bolts out unpaid,
The ſage tranſported at th' approaching hour,
Imperiouſly thrice thunder'd on the floor;
Officious Squirt that moment had acceſs,
His truſt was great, his vigilance no leſs.
To him thus Horoſcope:
My kind companion in this dire affair,
Which is more light ſince you aſſume a ſhare;
Fly with what haſte you us'd to do of old,
When clyſter was in danger to be cold:
With expedition on the beadle call,
To ſummon all the company to th' hall.
Away the friendly coadjutor flies,
Swift as from phial ſteams of harts-horn riſe.
The Magus in the int'rim mumbles o'er
Vile terms of art to ſome infernal pow'r,
And draws myſterious circles on the floor.
But from the gloomy vault no glaring ſpright
Aſcends, to blaſt the tender bloom of light.
No myſtic ſounds from hell's deteſted womb,
In duſky exhalations upwards come.
And now to raiſe an altar he decrees,
To that devouring harpy call'd Diſeaſe:
Then flow'rs in caniſters he haſtes to bring,
The wither'd product of a blighted ſpring.
With cold ſolanum from the Pontic ſhore,
The roots of mandrake and black hellebore,
The griper ſenna, and the puker rue,
The ſweeter ſaſſafras are added too;
And on the ſtructure next he heaps a load
Of ſulphur, turpentine and maſtic wood:

Gums, foſſils too the pyramid increas'd;
A mummy next once monarch of the eaſt.
Then from the compter he takes down the file,
And with preſcriptions lights the ſolemn pile.
Feebly the flames on clumſy wings aſpire,
And ſmoth'ring fogs of ſmoke benight the fire,
With ſorrow he beheld the ſad portent,
Then to the Hag theſe oriſons he ſent.
Diſeaſe! thou ever moſt propitious pow'r,
Whoſe kind indulgence we diſcern each hour:
Thou well canſt boaſt thy num'rous pedigree,
Begot by ſloth, maintain'd by luxury.
In gilded palaces, thy proweſs reigns
But flies the humble ſheds of cottage ſwains.
To you ſuch might and energy belong,
You nip the blooming, and unnerve the ſtrong.
The purple conqueror in chains you bind,
And are to us your vaſſals only kind.
If, in return, all diligence we pay
To fix your empire, and confirm your ſway,
Far as the weekly-bills can reach around,
From Kent-ſtreet end to fam'd St. Giles's-pound;
Behold this poor libation with a ſmile,
And let auſpicious light break through the pile.
He ſpoke; and on the pyramid he laid
Bay leaves and vipers heart, and thus he ſaid;
As theſe conſume in this myſterious fire,
So let the curs'd Diſpenſary expire.
And as thoſe crackle in the flames, and die,
So let its veſſels burſt, and glaſſes fly.
But a ſiniſter cricket ſtraight was heard,
The altar fell, the off'ring diſappear'd.

As the fam'd wight the omen did repeat,
Squirt brought the news the company was met.
Nigh where Fleet-ditch deſcends in ſable ſtreams,
To waſh his ſooty Naiads in the Thames;
There ſtands a ſtructure on a riſing hill,
Where Tyros take their freedom out to kill.
Some pictures in theſe dreadful ſhambles tell,
How, by the Delian God the Pithon fell;
And how Medea did the philter brew,
That cou'd in Æſon's veins young force renew;
How mournful Myrrha for her crimes appears,
And heals hyſteric matrons ſtill with tears;
How Mentha and Althea, nymphs no more,
Revive in ſacred plants, and health reſtore;
How ſanguine ſwains their am'rous hours repeat,
When Pleaſure's paſt, and pains are permanent;
And how frail nymphs, oft by abortion, aim
To loſe a ſubſtance, to preſerve a name.
Soon as each member in his rank was plac'd,
Th' aſſembly Diaſenna thus addreſs'd.
My kind confed'rates, if my poor intent,
As 'tis ſincere, had been but prevalent,
We here had met on ſome more ſafe deſign,
And on no other buſ'neſs but to dine;
The faculty had ſtill maintain'd their way,
And Int'reſt then had bid us but obey.
This only emulation we had known,
Who beſt cou'd fill his purſe, and thin the town.
But now from gath'ring clouds deſtruction pours,
Which ruins with mad rage our halcyon hours;
Miſts from black jealouſies the tempeſt form,
Whilſt late diviſions reinforce the ſtorm.

Know, when theſe feuds, like thoſe at law, were paſt,
The winners will be loſers at the laſt,
Like heroes in ſea-fights we ſeek renown,
To fire ſome hoſtile ſhip, we burn our own.
Whoe'er throws duſt againſt the wind, deſcries
He throws it, in effect, but in his eyes.
That juggler which another's flight will ſhow,
But teaches how the world his own may know.
Thrice happy were thoſe golden days of old,
When dear as Burgundy, ptiſans were ſold;
When patients choſe to die with better will,
Than breathe, and pay the apothecary's bill:
And cheaper than for our aſſiſtance call,
Might go to Aix or Bourbon, ſpring and fall.
Then prieſts increas'd, and piety decay'd,
Churchmen the Church's purity betray'd,
Their lives and doctrine, ſlaves and atheiſts made.
The laws were but the hireling judge's ſenſe;
Juries were ſway'd by venal evidence.
Fools were promoted to the council-board,
Tools to the bench and bullies to the ſword.
Penſions in private were the ſenate's aim;
And patriots for a place abandon'd fame.
But now no influencing art remains,
For Somers has the ſeal, and Naſſau reigns.
And we, in ſpite of our reſolves, muſt bow,
And ſuffer by a reformation too.
For now late jars our practices detect,
And mines when once diſcover'd, loſe effect.
Diſſenſions, like ſmall ſtreams, are firſt begun,
Scarce ſeen they riſe, but gather as they run:

So lines that from their parallel decline,
More they proceed, the more they ſtill disjoin.
'Tis therefore my advice, in haſte we ſend,
And beg the faculty to be our friend;
Send ſwarms of patients, and our quarrels end.
So awful beadles, if the vagrant treat,
Straight turn familiar, and their faſces quit.
In vain we but contend, that planet's pow'r
Thoſe vapours can diſperſe it rais'd before.
As he prepar'd the miſchief to recite,
Keen Colocynthus paus'd and foam'd with ſpite.
Sour ferments on his ſhining ſurface ſwim,
Work up to froth, and bubble o'er the brim:
Not beauties fret ſo much if freckles come,
Or noſe ſhou'd redden in the drawing-room;
Or lovers that miſtake th' appointed hour,
Or in the lucky minute want the pow'r.
Thus he——though ſcandal of great Pæan's art,
At thy approach the ſprings of nature ſtart,
The nerves unbrace: nay, at the ſight of thee,
A ſcratch turns cancer, itch a leproſy.
Cou'dſt thou propoſe, that we, the friends of fates,
Who fill the churchyard, and unpeople ſtates,
Who baffle nature, and diſpoſe of lives,
Whilſt Ruſſel, as we pleaſe, or ſtarves, or thrives,
Shou'd e'er ſubmit to their deſpotic will,
Who out o' conſultation ſcarce can kill?
The tow'ring Alps ſhall ſooner ſink to vales,
And leeches in our glaſſes, ſwell to whales;
Or Norwich trade in inſtruments of ſteel,
And Bromingham in ſtuffs and druggets deal!

Alleys at Wapping furniſh us new modes,
And Monmouth-ſtreet, Verſailles with Riding-hoods;
The ſick to th' hundreds in pale throngs repair,
And change the Gravel-pits for Kentiſh air.
Our properties muſt on our arms depend;
'Tis next to conquer, bravely to defend.
'Tis to the vulgar, death too harſh appears;
The ill we feel is only in our fears.
To die, is landing on ſome ſilent ſhore,
Where billows never break, nor tempeſts roar:
Ere well we feel the friendly ſtroke, 'tis o'er.
The wiſe thro' thought th' inſults of death defy;
The fools thro' bleſt inſenſibility.
'Tis what the guilty fear, the pious crave;
Sought by the wretch and vanquiſh'd by the brave.
It eaſes lovers, ſets the captive free;
And, tho' a tyrant, offers liberty.
Sound but to arms, the foe ſhall ſoon confeſs
Our force increaſes, as our funds grow leſs;
And what requir'd ſuch induſtry to raiſe,
We'll ſcatter into nothing as we pleaſe.
Thus they'll acknowledge, to annihilate
Shews no leſs wond'rous pow'r than to create.
We'll raiſe our num'rous cohorts, and oppoſe
The feeble forces of our pygmy foes;
Legions of quacks ſhall join us on the place,
From great Kirleus down to doctor Caſe.
Tho' ſuch vile rubbiſh ſink, yet we ſhall riſe;
Directors ſtill ſecure the greateſt prize.
Such poor ſupports ſerve only like a ſtay;
The tree once fix'd, its reſt is torn away.

So patriots, in time of peace and eaſe,
Forget the fury of the late diſeaſe:
On dangers paſt, ſerenely think no more,
And curſe the hand that heal'd the wound before.
Arm therefore, gallant friends, 'tis honour's call;
Or let us boldly fight or bravely fall.
To this the ſeſſion ſeemed to give conſent,
Much lik'd the war, but dreaded much th' event.
At length the growing diff'rence to compoſe,
Two brothers nam'd Aſcarides, aroſe,
Both had the volubility of tongue,
In Meaning faint, but in opinion ſtrong.
To ſpeak they both aſſum'd a like pretence;
The elder gain'd his juſt pre-eminence.
Thus he: 'tis true, when privilege and right
Are once invaded, honour bids us fight.
But ere we once engage in honour's cauſe,
Firſt know what honour is, and whence it was.
Scorn'd by the baſe, 'tis courted by the brave,
The hero's tyrant, and the coward's ſlave.
Born in the noiſy camp, it lives on air,
And both exiſts by hope and by deſpair.
Angry whene'er a moment's eaſe we gain,
And reconcil'd at our return of pain.
It lives, when in death's arms the hero lies:
But when his ſafety he conſults, it dies.
Bigotted to this idol, we diſclaim,
Reſt, health, and eaſe, for nothing but a name.
Then let us, to the field before we move,
Know if the Gods our enterpriſe approve.
Suppoſe th' unthinking faculty unveil
What we, thro' wiſer conduct, would conceal:

Is't reaſon we ſhould quarrel with the glaſs
That ſhews the monſtrous features of our face?
Or grant ſome grave pretenders have of late
Thought fit an innovation to create;
Soon they'll repent what raſhly they begun:
Tho' projects pleaſe, projectors are undone.
All novelties muſt this ſucceſs expect,
When good, our envy; and when bad, neglect;
If reaſon cou'd direct, ere now each gate
Had borne ſome trophy of triumphal ſtate.
Temples had told how Greece and Belgia owe
Troy and Namur to Jove and to Naſſau.

Then ſince no veneration is allow'd,
Or to the real, or th' appearing good;
The project that we vainly apprehend,
Muſt, as it blindly roſe, as vilely end.
Some members of the faculty there are,
Who int'reſt prudently to oaths prefer.
Our friendſhip with feign'd airs they poorly court,
And boaſt their politics are our ſupport.
Them we'll conſult about this enterprize,
And boldly execute what they adviſe.

But from below, while ſuch reſolves they took,
Some Aurum Fulminans the fabrick ſhook.
The champions, daunted at the crack, retreat,
Regard their ſafety, and their rage forget.
So when at Bathos earth's big offspring ſtrove
To ſcale the ſkies, and wage a war with Jove;
Soon as the aſs of old Silenus bray'd,
The trembling rebels in confuſion fled.

CANTO IV.

NOT far from that frequented theatre,
Where wand'ring punks each night at five repair;
Where purple emperors in buſkins tread,
And rule imaginary worlds for bread;
Where Bentley, by old writers, wealthy grew,
And Briſcoe lately was undone by new:
There triumphs a phyſician of renown,
To none, but ſuch as ruſt in health, unknown.
None e'er was plac'd more fitly to impart
His known experience, and his healing art.
When Burgeſs deafens all the liſt'ning preſs
With peals of moſt ſeraphic emptineſs;
Or when myſterious Freeman mounts on high,
To preach his pariſh to a lethargy;
This Æſculapius waits hard by, to eaſe
The martyrs of ſuch chriſtian cruelties.
Long has this darling quarter of the town,
For lewdneſs, wit, and gallantry been known.
All ſorts meet here, of whatſoe'er degree,
To blend and juſtle into harmony.
The critics each advent'rous author ſcan,
And praiſe or cenſure as they like the man.
The weeds of writings for the flow'rs they cull;
So nicely taſteleſs, ſo correctly dull!
The politicians of Parnaſſus prate,
And poets canvaſs the affairs of ſtate;

The cits ne'er talk of trade and ſtock, but tell
How Virgil writ, how bravely Turnus fell.
The country-dames drive to Hippolito's,
Firſt find a ſpark, and after loſe a noſe.
The lawyer for lac'd coat the robe doth quit,
He grows a madman, and then turns a wit.
And in the cloiſter penſive Strephon waits,
Till Cloe's hackney comes, and then retreats;
And if th' ungen'rous nymph a ſhaft lets fly,
More fatally than from a ſparkling eye,
Mirmillo, that fam'd Opifer, is nigh.

The trading tribe oft thither throng to dine,
And want of elbow room ſupply in wine.
Cloy'd with variety, they ſurfeit there,
Whilſt the wan patients on thin gruel fare.
'Twas here the champions of the party met,
Of their heroic enterpriſe to treat.
Each hero a tremendous air put on,
And ſtern Mirmillo in theſe words begun:

'Tis with concern, my friends, I meet you here;
No grievance you can know but I muſt ſhare.
'Tis plain, my int'reſt you've advanc'd ſo long,
Each fee, tho' I was mute, wou'd find a tongue.
And, in return, tho' I have ſtrove to rend
Thoſe ſtatutes, which on oath I ſhould defend;
Such arts are trifles to a gen'rous mind:
Great ſervices, as great returns ſhou'd find.
And you'll perceive, this hand, when glory calls,
Can brandiſh arms as well as urinals.

Oxford and all her paſſing bells can tell,
By this right arm what mighty numbers fell.

Whilſt others meanly aſk'd whole months to ſlay,
I oft diſpatch'd the patient in a day:
With pen in hand I puſh'd to that degree,
I ſcarce had left a wretch to give a fee,
Some fell by laudanum, and ſome by ſteel,
And death in ambuſh lay in ev'ry pill.
For ſave or ſlay, this privilege we claim,
Tho' credit ſuffers, the rewards the ſame.
What tho' the art of healing we pretend,
He that deſigns it leaſt, is moſt a friend.
Into the right we err, and muſt confeſs
To overſights we often owe ſucceſs.
Thus Beſſus got the battle in the play;
His glorious cowardiſe reſtor'd the day.
So the fam'd Grecian piece ow'd its deſert
To chance, and not the labour'd ſtrokes of art.
Phyſicians, if they're wiſe, ſhould never think
Of any arms but ſuch as pen and ink:
But th' enemy, at their expence, ſhall find
When honour calls, I'll ſcorn to ſtay behind.
He ſaid; and ſeal'd th' engagement with a kiſs,
Which was return'd by younger Aſcaris;
Who thus advanc'd: Each word, Sir, you impart,
Has ſomething killing in it, like your art.
How much we to your boundleſs friendſhip owe,
Our files can ſpeak, and your preſcriptions ſhow.
Your ink deſcends in ſuch exceſſive ſhow'rs,
'Tis plain, you can regard no health but ours.
Whilſt poor pretenders puzzle o'er a caſe,
You but appear, and give the Coup de Grace.
O that near Xanthus' banks you had but dwelt,
When Ilium firſt Achaian fury felt,

The horned river then had curs'd in vain
Young Peleus' arm, that chok'd his ſtream with ſlain.
No trophies you had left for Greeks to raiſe;
Their ten years toil, you'd finiſh'd in ten days.
Fate ſmiles on your attempts, and when you liſt,
In vain the cowards fly, or brave reſiſt.
Then let us arm, we need not fear ſucceſs;
No labours are too hard for Hercules.
Our military enſigns we'll diſplay;
Conqueſt purſues, where courage leads the way.
To this deſign ſhrill Querpo did agree,
A zealous member of the faculty;
His ſire's pretended pious ſteps he treads,
And where the doctor fails, the ſaint ſucceeds.
A conventicle fleſh'd his greener years,
And his full age the righteous rancour ſhares.
Thus boys hatch game-eggs under birds of prey,
To make the fowl more furious for the fray.
Slow Carus next diſcover'd his intent,
With painful pauſes mutt'ring what he meant.
His ſparks of life, in ſpite of drugs, retreat,
So cold, that only caleatures can heat.
In his chill veins the ſluggiſh puddle flows,
And loads with lazy fogs his ſable brows.
Legions of lunaticks about him preſs,
His province is, loſt reaſon to redreſs.
So when perfumes their fragrant ſcent give o'er,
Naught can their odor like a jakes reſtore.
When for advice the vulgar throng, he's found.
With lumber of vile books beſieg'd around.
The gazing throng acknowlege their ſurprize,
And deaf to reaſon, ſtill conſult their eyes.

Well he perceives the world will often find,
To catch the eye is to convince the mind.
Thus a weak ſtate, by wiſe diſtruſt inclines
To num'rous ſtores, and ſtrength in magazines.
So fools are always moſt profuſe of words,
And cowards never fail of longeſt ſwords.
Abandon'd authors here a refuge meet,
And from the world, to duſt and worms retreat.
Here dregs and ſediment of auctions reign,
Refuſe of fairs, and gleanings of Duck-lane.
And up theſe walls much gothic lumber climbs,
With Swiſs philoſophy, and Runic rhymes.
Hither, retriev'd from cooks and grocers, come
Mede's works entire, and endleſs reams of Brome,
Where wou'd the long-neglected Collins fly,
If bounteous Carus ſhou'd refuſe to buy?
But each vile ſcribler's happy on this ſcore,
He'll find ſome Carus ſtill to read him o'er.
Nor muſt we the obſequious Umbra ſpare,
Who ſoft by nature, yet declar'd for war.
But when ſome rival pow'r invades a right,
Flies ſet on flies, and turtles turtles fight.
Elſe courteous Umbra to the laſt had been
Demurely meek, inſipidly ſerene.
With him, the preſent ſtill ſome virtues have;
The vain are ſprightly, and the ſtupid, grave;
The ſlothful, negligent; the foppiſh neat;
The lewd are airy; and the ſly, diſcreet.
A wren an eagle, a baboon a beau;
Colt a Lycurgus, and a Phocion, Rowe.
Heroic ardor now th' aſſembly warms,
Each combatant breaths nothing but alarms.

For future glory, while the ſcheme is laid,
Fam'd Horoſcope thus offers to diſſuade;
Since of each enterpriſe th' event's unknown,
We'll quit the ſword and hearken to the gown.
Nigh lives Vagellius, one reputed long
For ſtrength of lungs and pliancy of tongue.
For fees, to any form he moulds a cauſe,
The worſt has merits, and the beſt has flaws.
Five guineas make a criminal to day,
And ten to-morrow wipe the ſtain away.
Whatever he affirms is undeny'd,
Milo's the lecher, Clodius th' homicide.
Cato pernicious, Catiline a ſaint,
Orford ſuſpected, Duncomb innocent.
To law then, friends, for 'tis by fate decreed,
Vagellius, and our money, ſhall ſucceed.
Know, when I firſt invok'd diſeaſe by charms
To prove propitious to our future arms,
Ill omens did the ſacrifice attend,
Nor wou'd the Sibyl from her grott aſcend.
As Horoſcope urg'd farther to be heard,
He thus was interrupted by a bard.
In vain your magic myſteries you uſe,
Such ſounds the Sibyl's ſacred ears abuſe,
Theſe lines the pale divinity ſhall raiſe,
Such is the pow'r of ſound, and force of lays.
" Arms meet with arms, faulchions with faulchions claſh,
" And ſparks of fire ſtruck out from armour flaſh.
" Thick clouds of duſt contending warriors raiſe,
" And hideous war o'er all the region brays.
" Some raging ran with huge Herculean clubs,
" Some maſſy balls of braſs, ſome mighty tubs

" Of cinders bore.———
" Naked and half-burnt hills with hideous wreck
" Affright the ſkies, and fry the ocean's back."
As he went rumbling on, the fury ſtraight
Crawl'd in, her limbs cou'd ſcarce ſupport her weight.
A rueful rag her meagre forehead bound,
And faintly her furr'd lips theſe accents found.
Mortal, how dar'ſt thou with ſuch lines addreſs
My awful ſeat, and trouble my receſs?
In Eſſex marſhy hundreds is a cell,
Where lazy fogs and drizzling vapours dwell?
Thither raw damps on drooping wings repair,
And ſhiv'ring quartans ſhake the ſickly air.
There, when fatigu'd, ſome ſilent hours I paſs,
And ſubſtitute phyſicians in my place.
Then dare not, for the future once rehearſe
The diſſonance of ſuch untuneful verſe.
But in your lines let energy be found,
And learn to riſe in ſenſe and ſink in ſound.
Harſh words, tho' pertinent, uncouth appear;
None pleaſe the fancy, who offend the ear.
In ſenſe and numbers if you would excel,
Read Wycherly, conſider Dryden well.
In one, what vig'rous turns of fancy ſhine
In th' other, ſirens warble in each line.
If Dorſet's ſprightly muſe but touch the lyre,
The ſmiles and graces melt in ſoft deſire
And little loves confeſs their am'rous fire.
The gentle Iſis claims the ivy crown,
To bind th' immortal brows of Addiſon.
As tuneful Congreve tries his rural ſtrains,
Pan quits the woods, the liſt'ning fauns the plains;
And Philomel, in notes like his, complains.

And Britain, ſince Pauſanias was writ,
Knows Spartan virtue, and Athenian wit.
When Stepney paints the godlike acts of kings,
Or, what Apollo dictates, Prior ſings,
The banks of Rhine a pleas'd attention ſhow,
And ſilver Sequana forgets to flow.

Such juſt examples carefully read o'er,
Slide without falling, without ſtraining ſoar.
Oft tho' your ſtrokes ſurpriſe, you ſhould not chooſe
A theme ſo mighty for a virgin muſe.
Long did Apelles his fam'd piece decline,
His Alexander was his laſt deſign.
'Tis Montague's rich vein alone muſt prove,
None but a Phidias ſhould attempt a Jove.

The fury paus'd, till with a frightful ſound
A riſing whirlwind burſt th' unhallow'd ground.
Then ſhe——The deity we fortune call,
Tho' diſtant, rules and influences all.
Straight for her favour to her court repair;
Important embaſſies aſk wings of air.

Each wond'ring ſtood, but Horoſcope's great ſoul,
That dangers ne'er alarm nor doubts controul,
Rais'd on the pinions of the bounding wind,
Out-flew the rack, and left the hours behind

The ev'ning now with bluſhes warms the air,
The ſteer reſigns the yoke, the hind his care.
The clouds above with golden edgings glow,
And falling dews refreſh the earth below.
The bat with ſooty wings flits thro' the grove,
The reeds ſcarce ruſtle, nor the aſpens move,
And all the feather'd folks forbear their lays of love.
Thro' the tranſparent region of the ſkies,
Swift as a wiſh the miſſionary flies.

With wonder he ſurveys the upper air,
And the gay gilded meteors ſporting there.
How lambent jollies kind'ling in the night,
Shoot thro' the æther in a trail of light;
How riſing ſteams in th' azure fluid bleud,
Or fleet in clouds, or fall in ſhow'rs deſcend;
Or if the ſtubborn rage of cold prevail,
In flakes they fly, or fall in moulded hail.
How honey-dews embalm the fragrant morn,
And the fair oak with luſcious ſweats adorn.
How heat and moiſture mingle in a maſs,
Or belch in thunder, or in light'ning blaze.
Why nimble coruſcations ſtrike the eye,
And bold tornado's bluſter in the ſky.
Why a prolific Aura upward tends,
Ferments, and in a living ſhow'r deſcends.
How vapours hanging on the tow'ring hills
In breezes ſigh, or weep in warbling rills:
Whence infant winds their tender pinions try,
And river-gods their thirſty urns ſupply.
The wond'ring ſage purſues his airy flight,
And braves the chill unwholſom damps of night;
He views the tracts where luminaries rove,
To ſettle ſeaſons here, and fates above.
The bleak Arcturus ſtill forbid the ſeas,
The ſtormy Kids, the weeping Hyades,
The ſhining Lyre with ſtraine attracting more
Heav'n's glitt'ring manſions now than hell's before;
Glad Caſſiopeia circling in the ſky,
And each fair Churchil of the galaxy.
Aurora on Eteſian breezes borne,
With bluſhing lips breathes out the frigidly morn:

Each flow'r in dew their ſhort-liv'd empire weeps,
And Cynthia with her lov'd Endymion ſleeps.
As through the gloom the Magus cuts his way,
Imperfect objects tell the doubtful day.
Dim he diſcerns majeſtic Atlas, riſe,
And bend beneath the burden of the ſkies.
His tow'ring brows aloft no tempeſts know,
Whilſt light'ning flies, and thunder rolls below.
Diſtant from hence beyond a waſte of plains,
Proud Teneriff his giant brother reigns;
With breathing fire his pitchy noſtrils glow,
As from his ſides he ſhakes the fleecy ſnow.
Around this hoary prince, from wat'ry beds,
His ſubject iſlands raiſe their verdant heads;
The waves ſo gently waſh each riſing hill,
The land ſeems floating and the ocean ſtill.
Eternal ſpring with ſmiling verdure here
Warms the mild air, and crowns the youthful year.
From cryſtal rocks tranſparent riv'lets flow;
The tuberoſe ever breathes, and vi'lets blow.
The vine undreſs'd her ſwelling cluſters bears,
The lab'ring hind the mellow olive cheers;
Bloſſoms and fruit at once the citron ſhows,
And as ſhe pays, diſcovers ſtill ſhe owes.
The orange to her ſun her pride diſplays,
And gilds her fragrant apples with his rays.
No blaſts e'er diſcompoſe the peaceful ſky,
The ſprings but murmur, and the winds but ſigh.
The tuneful ſwans on gliding rivers float,
And, warbling dirges, die on ev'ry note.
Where Flora treads, her Zephyr garlands flings,
And ſcatters odours from his purple wings;

Whilſt Birds from woodbine bow'rs and jaſmine groves
Chant their glad nuptials, and unenvy'd loves.
Mild ſeaſons, riſing hills, and ſilent dales,
Cool grottos, ſilver brooks, and flow'ry vales,
Groves fill'd with balmy ſhrubs in pomp appear,
And ſcent with gales of ſweets the circling year.
Theſe happy iſles, where endleſs pleaſures wait,
Are ſtil'd by tuneful bards——The Fortunate.
On high, where no hoarſe winds nor clouds reſort,
The hoodwink'd goddeſs keeps her partial court.
Upon a wheel of amethyſt ſhe ſits,
Gives and reſumes, and ſmiles and frowns by fits.
In this ſtill labyrinth, around her lie
Spells, philtres, globes, and ſchemes of palmiſtry:
A ſigil in this hand the gypſy bears,
In th' other a prophetic ſieve and ſheers.
The dame, by divination, knew that ſoon
The Magus wou'd appear——and then begun:
Hail ſacred ſeer! thy embaſſy I know,
Wars muſt enſue, the fates will have it ſo,
Dread feats ſhall follow, and diſaſters great,
Pills charge on pills, and bolus bolus meet:
Both ſides ſhall conquer, and yet both ſhall fail;
The mortar now, and then the urinal.
To thee alone my influence I owe;
Where nature has deny'd, my favours flow.
'Tis I that give, ſo mighty is my pow'r,
Faith to the Jew, complexion to the Moor.
I am the wretch's wiſh, the rook's pretence,
The ſluggard's eaſe, the coxcomb's providence.
Sir Scrape-quill, once a ſupple ſmiling ſlave,
Looks lofty now, and inſolently grave;

Builds, ſettles, purchaſes, and has each hour
Caps from the rich, and curſes from the poor.
Spadillio, that a table ſerv'd o' late,
Drinks rich tockay himſelf, and eats in plate;
Has levees, villas, miſtreſſes in ſtore,
And owns the racers which he rubb'd before.

Souls heav'nly born, my faithleſs boons defy;
The brave is to himſelf a deity.
Tho' bleſt Astrea's gone, ſome ſoil remains
Where fortune is the ſlave, and merit reigns.

The Tiber boaſts his Julian progeny,
Thames his Naſſau, the Nile his Ptolemy.
Iberia, yet for future ſway deſign'd,
Shall, for a Heſſe, a greater Mordaunt find.
Thus Ariadne in proud triumph rode;
She loſt a hero, and ſhe found a god.

CANTO V.

WHEN the ſtiff night, with peaceful poppies crown'd,
Had ſpread her ſhady pinions o'er the ground;
And ſlumb'ring chiefs of painted triumphs dream,
While groves and ſtreams are the ſoft virgin's theme;
The ſurges gently daſh againſt the ſhore,
Flocks quit the plains, and galley-ſlaves the oar;
Sleep ſhakes its downy wings o'er mortal eyes,
Mirmillo is the only wretch it flies:
He finds no reſpit from his anxious grief;
Then ſeeks from this ſoliloquy, relief.
Long have I reign'd unrival'd in the town,
Oppreſs'd with fees and deafen'd with renown.
None e'er cou'd die with due ſolemnity,
Unleſs his paſſport firſt was ſign'd by me.
My arbitrary bounty's undeny'd;
I give reverſions, and for heirs provide.
None cou'd the tedious nuptial ſtate ſupport,
But I to make it eaſy, make it ſhort.
I ſet the diſcontented matrons free,
And ranſom huſbands from captivity.
Shall one of ſuch importance then engage
In noiſy riot, and in civil rage?
No: I'll endeavour ſtraight a peace, and ſo
Preſerve my character, and perſon too.
But Diſcord, that ſtill haunts with hideous mien
Thoſe dire abodes where Hymen once hath been,

O'er-heard Mirmillo's anguiſh, then begun
In peeviſh accents to expreſs her own.
Have I ſo often baniſh'd lazy peace
From her dark ſolitude, and lov'd receſs?
Have I made South and Sherlock diſagree
And puzzled truth with learn'd obſcurity?
And does the faithful Perguſon profeſs
His ardour ſtill for animoſities?
Have I, Britannia's ſafety to enſure,
Expos'd her naked to be moſt ſecure?
Have I made parties oppoſite unite,
In monſtrous leagues of amicable ſpite,
To curſe their country, whilſt the common cry
Is freedom, but their aim, the miniſtry?
And ſhall a daſtard's cowardiſe prevent
The war, ſo long I've labour'd to foment?
No, 'tis reſolv'd, he either ſhall comply,
Or I'll renounce my wan divinity.
With that, the hag approach'd Mirmillo's bed,
And taking Querpo's meager ſhape, ſhe ſaid;
At noon of night I haſten, to diſpel
Tumults that in your penſive boſom dwell.
I dreamt but now I heard your heaving ſighs,
Nay, ſaw the tears debating in your eyes.
O that 'twere but a dream! But threats I find
Low'r in your looks, and rankle in your mind.
Speak, whence it is this late diſorder flows,
That ſhakes your ſoul, and troubles your repoſe.
Miſtakes in practice ſcarce cou'd give you pain,
Too well you know the dead will ne'er complain.
What looks diſcover, ſaid the homicide,
Wou'd be a fruitleſs induſtry to hide.

My ſafety firſt I muſt conſult, and then
I'll ſerve our ſuff'ring party with my pen.
All ſhou'd, reply'd the hag, their talent learn;
The moſt attempting oft the leaſt diſcern.
Let Peterborough ſpeak, and Vanbrugh write,
Soft Acon court, and rough Cœcinna fight:
Such muſt ſucceed; but when th' enervate aim
Beyond their force, they ſtill contend for ſhame.
Had Colbatch printed nothing of his own,
He had not been the Saffold o' the town.
Aſſes and owls, unſeen, their kind betray,
If theſe attempt to hoot, or thoſe to bray.
Had Weſtley never aim'd in verſe to pleaſe,
We had not rank'd him with our Ogilbys.
Still cenſures will on dull pretenders fall,
A Codrus ſhou'd expect a Juvenal.
Ill lines, but like ill paintings, are allow'd,
To ſet off, and to recommend the good.
So diamonds take a luſtre from their foyle;
And to a Bentley 'tis, we owe a Boyle.
Conſider well the talent you poſſeſs,
To ſtrive to make it more would make it leſs;
And recollect what gratitude is due,
To thoſe whoſe party you abandon now.
To them you owe your odd magnificence,
But to your ſtars your magazine of ſenſe.
Haſpt in a tombril, aukward have you ſhin'd,
With one fat ſlave before, and none behind.
Then haſte and join your true intrepid friends,
Succeſs on vigour and diſpatch depends.
Lab'ring in doubts Mirmillo ſtood, then ſaid,
'Tis hard to undertake, if gain diſſuade;

What fool for noiſy feuds large fees would leave?
Ten harveſts more, wou'd all I wiſh for give.
True man, reply'd the elf; by choice diſeas'd,
Ever contriving pain, and never pleas'd.
A preſent good they ſlight, an abſent chooſe,
And what they have, for what they have not, loſe.
Falſe proſpects all their true delights deſtroy,
Reſolv'd to want, yet lab'ring to enjoy.
In reſtleſs hurries thoughtleſly they live,
At ſubſtance oft unmov'd, for ſhadows grieve.
Children at toys, as men at titles aim;
And in effect both covet but the ſame.
This Philip's ſon prov'd in revolving years;
And firſt for rattles, then for worlds ſhed tears.
The fury ſpoke, then in a moment fir'd
The hero's breaſt with tempeſts, and retir'd.
In boding dreams Mirmillo ſpent the night,
And frightful phantoms danc'd before his ſight,
Till the pale Pleiads clos'd their eyes of light.
At length gay morn glows in the eaſtern ſkies,
The larks in raptures thro' the æther riſe,
The azure miſts ſcud o'er the dewy lawns,
The chaunter at his early matins yawns,
The am'ranth opes its leaves, the lys its bells,
And Progne her complaint of Tereus tells.
As bold Mirmillo the gray dawn deſcries.
Arm'd cap-a-pe, where honour calls, he flies,
And finds the legions planted at their poſt;
Where mighty Querpo fill'd the eye the moſt.
His arms were made, if we may credit fame,
By Mulciber, the mayor of Bromingham.

Of temper'd ſtibium the bright ſhield was caſt,
And yet the work the metal far ſurpaſs'd.
A foliage of the vulnerary leaves,
Grav'd round the brim, the wond'ring ſight deceives.
Around the center fate's bright trophies lay,
Probes, ſaws, inciſion knives, and tools to flay.
Emboſt upon the field, a battle ſtood
Of leeches ſpouting hemorrhoidal blood.
The artiſt too expreſt the ſolemn ſtate
Of grave phyſicians at a conſult met;
About each ſymptom how they diſagree,
But how unanimous in caſe of fee.
Whilſt each aſſaſſin his learn'd collegue tires
With learn'd impertinence, the ſick expires.
Beneath this blazing orb bright Querpo ſhone,
Himſelf an Atlas, and his ſhield a moon.
A peſtle for his truncheon led the van,
And his high helmet was a cloſe-ſtool pan.
His creſt an Ibis, brandiſhing her beak,
And winding in looſe folds her ſpiral neck.
This, when the young Querpoïdes beheld,
His face in nurſe's breaſt the boy conceal'd;
Then peept, and with th' effulgent helm wou'd play,
And as the monſter gap'd wou'd ſhrink away.
Thus ſometimes joy prevail'd, and ſometimes fear;
And tears and ſmiles alternate paſſions wear.
As Querpo tow'ring ſtood in martial might,
Pacific Carus ſparkled on the right.
An Oran Outang o'er his ſhoulders hung,
His plume confeſs'd the capon whence it ſprung.
His motly mail ſcarce cou'd the hero bear,
Haranguing thus the tribunes of the war.

Fam'd chiefs,
For preſent triumphs born, deſign'd for more,
Your virtue I admire, your valour more.
If battle be reſolv'd, you'll find this hand
Can deal out deſtiny, and fate command.
Our foes in throngs ſhall hide the crimſon plain,
And their Apollo interpoſe in vain.
Tho' gods themſelves engage, a Diomed
With eaſe cou'd ſhow a deity can bleed.
But war's rough trade ſhou'd be by fools profeſt,
The trueſt rubbiſh fills a trench the beſt.
Let quinſies throttle, and the quartan ſhake,
Or dropſies drown, and gout and cholics rack;
Let ſword and peſtilence lay waſte, while we
Wage bloodleſs wars, and fight in theory.
Who wants not merit needs not arm for fame;
The dead I raiſe, my chivalry proclaim,
Diſeaſes baffled, and loſt health reſtor'd,
In fame's bright liſt my victories record.
More lives from me their preſervation own,
Than lovers loſe if fair Cornelia frown.
Your cures, ſhrill Querpo cry'd, aloud you tell,
But wiſely your miſcarriages conceal.
Zeno, a prieſt, in Samothrace of old,
Thus reaſon'd with Philopidas the bold;
Immortal gods you own, but think 'em blind
To what concerns the ſtate of human kind.
Either they hear not, or regard not pray'r,
That argues want of pow'r, and this of care
Allow that wiſdom infinite muſt know;
Pow'r infinite muſt act. I grant it ſo.

Haſte ſtraight to Neptune's fane, ſurvey with zeal
The walls. What then? reply'd the infidel.
Obſerve thoſe num'rous throngs in effigy,
The gods have ſav'd from the devouring ſea.
'Tis true, their pictures that eſcap'd you keep,
But where are theirs that periſh'd in the deep?
Vaunt now no more the triumph of your ſkill,
But, tho' unfeed, exert your arm, and kill.
Our ſcouts have learn'd the poſture of the foe;
In war, ſurpriſes ſureſt conduct ſhow.
But fame, that neither good nor bad conceals,
That Pembroke's worth, and Ormond's valour tells;
How truth in Burnet, how in Ca'adiſh reigns,
Varro's magnificence with Maro's ſtrains;
But how at church and bar all gape and ſtretch
If Winninton plead, or South or Only preach;
On nimble wings to Warwick-lane repairs,
And what the enemy intends, declares.
Confuſion in each countenance appear'd,
A council's call'd, and Stentor firſt was heard;
His lab'ring lungs the throng'd prætorium rent,
Addreſſing thus the paſſive preſident.
Machaon, whoſe experience we adore,
Great as your matchleſs merit, is your pow'r.
At your approach, the baffled tyrant death
Breaks his keen ſhafts, and grinds his claſhing teeth.
To you we leave the conduct of the day;
What you command, your vaſſals muſt obey.
If this dread enterpriſe you wou'd decline,
We'll ſend to treat, and ſtifle the deſign.
But if my arguments had force, we'd try
To humble our audacious foes, or die.

Our ſpite, they'll find, to their advantage leans;
The end is good, no matter for the means.
So modern caſuiſts their talents try,
Uprightly for the ſake of truth to lye.
He had not finiſh'd; 'till th' out-guards deſcry'd
Bright columns move in formidable pride;
The paſſing pomp ſo dazzled from afar,
It ſeem'd a triumph, rather than a war.
Tho' wide the front, tho' groſs the phalanx grew,
It look'd leſs dreadful, as it nearer drew.
The adverſe hoſt for action ſtraight prepare;
All eager to unveil the face of war.
Their chiefs lace on their helms, and take the field,
And to their truſty ſquires reſign the ſhield:
To paint each knight, their ardor and alarms,
Wou'd aſk the muſe that ſung the frogs in arms.
And now the ſignal ſummons to the fray;
Mock falchions flaſh, and paltry enſigns play.
Their patron god his ſilver bow-ſtrings twangs;
Tough harneſs raſtles, and bold armour clangs,
The piercing cauſtics ply their ſpiteful pow'r;
Emetics ranch, and keen cathartics ſcour.
The deadly drugs in double doſes fly;
And peſtles peal a martial ſymphony.
Now from their levell'd ſyringes they pour
The liquid volley of a miſſive ſhow'r.
Not ſtorms of ſleet, which o'er the Baltic drive,
Puſh'd on by northern guſts, ſuch horror give.
Like ſpouts in ſouthern ſeas the deluge broke,
And numbers ſunk beneath th' impetuous ſtroke.
So when Leviathans diſpute the reign
And uncontroll'd dominion of the main;

From the rent rocks whole coral groves are torn,
And iſles of ſea-weed on the waves are borne:
Such watry ſtores from their ſpread noſtrils fly,
'Tis doubtful which is ſea, and which is ſky.
And now the ſtagg'ring braves, led by deſpair,
Advance, and to return the charge, prepare.
Each ſeizes for his ſhield a ſpacious ſcale,
And the braſs weights fly thick as ſhow'rs of hail.
Whole heaps of warriors weker on the ground,
With galley-pots, and broken phials crown'd;
Whilſt empty jars the dire defeat reſound.
Thus when ſome ſtorm its cryſtal quarry rends,
And Jove in rattling ſhow'rs of ice deſcends;
Mount Athos ſhakes the foreſts on his brow,
Whilſt down his wounded ſides freſh torrents flow,
And leaves and limbs of trees o'er-ſpread the vale below.
But now, all order loſt, promiſcuous blows
Confus'dly fall; perplex'd the battle grows.
From Stentor's arm a maſſy opiat flies,
And ſtraight a deadly ſleep clos'd Carus' eyes.
At Colon great Sertorius buckthorn flung,
Who with fierce gripes, like thoſe of death, was ſtung;
But with a dauntleſs and diſdainful mien
Hurl'd back ſteel pills, and hit him on the ſpleen.
Chiron attack'd Talthibius with ſuch might,
One paſs had paunch'd the huge hydropic knight,
Who ſtraight retreated to evade the wound,
But in a flood of apozem was drown'd.
This Pylas ſaw, and to the victor ſaid,
Thou ſhalt not long ſurvive th' unwieldy dead,
Thy fate ſhall follow; to confirm it, ſwore
By th' image of Priapus, which he bore;

And rais'd an eagle-ſtone, invoking loud
On Cynthia, leaning o'er a ſilver cloud.
Great queen of night, and empreſs of the ſeas,
If faithful to thy midnight myſteries,
If ſtill obſervant of my early vows,
Theſe hands have eas'd the mourning matron's throws
Direct this rais'd avenging arm aright;
So may loud cymbals aid thy lab'ring light.
He ſaid, and let the pond'rous fragment fly
At Chiron, but learn'd Hermes put it by.
Tho' the haranguing god ſurvey'd the war,
That day the muſes ſons were not his care.
Two friends, adepts, the Triſmegiſts by name,
Alike their features, and alike their flame,
As ſimpling near fair Tweed each ſung by turn,
The liſt'ning river would neglect his urn.
Thoſe lives they fail'd to reſcue by their ſkill,
Their muſe could make immortal with her quill;
But learn'd enquiries after nature's ſtate
Diſſolv'd the league, and kindled a debate.
The one for lofty labours fruitful known,
Fill'd magazines with volumes of his own.
At his once-favour'd friend a tome he threw
That from its birth had ſlept unſeen 'till now;
Stunn'd with the blow the batter'd bard retir'd,
Sunk down, and in a ſimile expir'd.
And now the cohorts ſhake, the legions fly,
The yielding Flanks confeſs the victory.
Stentor undaunted ſtill, with noble rage
Sprung thro' the battle, Querpo to engage.
Fierce was the onſet, the diſpute was great,
Both could not vanquiſh, neither would retreat;

Each combatant his adverſary meaſs,
With batter'd bed-pans, and ſtav'd urinals.
On Stentor's creſt the uſeful cryſtal breaks,
The tears of amber gutter'd down his cheeks:
But whilſt the champion, as late rumours tell,
Deſign'd a ſure deciſive ſtroke, he fell;
And as the victor hov'ring o'er him ſtood,
With arms extended, thus the ſuppliant ſu'd.
When honour's loſt, 'tis a relief to die;
Death's but a ſure retreat from infamy.
But to the loſt, if pity might be ſhown,
Reflect on young Querpoides thy ſon;
Then pity mine, for ſuch an infant-grace
Smiles in his eyes, and flatters in his face.
If he was near, compaſſion he'd create,
Or elſe lament his wretched parent's fate.
Thine is the glory, and the field is thine;
To thee the lov'd Diſpens'ry I reſign.
At this the victors own ſuch ecſtaſies,
As Memphian prieſts if their Oſiris ſneeze:
Or champions with Olympic clangor fir'd;
Or ſimp'ring prudes with ſprightly Nantz inſpir'd;
Or ſultans rais'd from dungeon to a crown;
Or faſting zealots when the ſermon's done.
A while the chief the deadly ſtroke declin'd,
And found compaſſion pleading in his mind.
But whilſt he view'd with pity the diſtreſs'd,
He ſpy'd Signetur writ upon his breaſt.
Then tow'rds the ſkies he toſs'd his threatning head,
And fir'd with more than mortal fury, ſaid,
Sooner than I'll from vow'd revenge deſiſt,
His Holineſs ſhall turn a Quietiſt,

Janſenius and the Jeſuits agree,
The inquiſition wink at hereſy,
Warm convocations own the church ſecure,
And more conſult her doctrine than her pow'r.
With that he drew a lancet in his rage,
To puncture the ſtill ſupplicating ſage,
But while his thoughts that fatal ſtroke decree,
Apollo interpos'd in form of fee.
The chief great Pœan's golden treſſes knew,
He own'd the god, and his rais'd arm withdrew.
Thus often at the Temple-ſtairs we've ſeen
Two tritons of a rough athletic mien,
Sourly diſpute ſome quarrel of the flood,
With knuckles bruis'd, and face beſmear'd in blood;
But at the firſt appearance of a fare,
Both quit the fray, and to their oars repair.
The hero ſo his enterpriſe recalls,
His fiſt unclinches, and the weapon falls.

CANTO VI.

WHILE the ſhrill clangor of the battle rings,
Auſpicious Health appear'd on Zephyr's wings;
She ſeem'd a cherub moſt divinely bright,
More ſoft than air, more gay than morning light.
A charm ſhe takes from each excelling fair,
And borrows Carliſle's ſhape, and Grafton's air.
Her eyes like Ranelagh's their beams diſpenſe,
With Churchil's bloom, and Berkeley's innocence;
On Iris thus the differing beams beſtow
The dye, that paints the wonders of her bow;
From the fair nymph a vocal muſic falls,
As to Machaon thus the goddeſs calls.
Enough th' achievement of your arms you've ſhown,
You ſeek a triumph you ſhou'd bluſh to own.
Haſte to th' Elyſian-fields, thoſe bleſs'd abodes,
Where Harvey ſits among the demi-gods.
Conſult that ſacred ſage, he'll ſoon diſcloſe
The method that muſt mollify theſe woes.
Let Celſus for that enterpriſe prepare,
His conduct to the ſhades ſhall be my care.
Aghaſt the heroes ſtood diſſolv'd in fear,
A form ſo heav'nly bright they cou'd not bear;
Celſus alone unmov'd, the ſight beheld,
The reſt in pale confuſion left the field.
So when the pygmies, marſhall'd on the plains,
Wage puny war againſt th' invading cranes;

The poppets to their bodkin ſpears repair,
And ſcatter'd feathers flutter in the air;
But when the bold imperial bird of Jove
Stoops on his ſounding pinions from above,
Among the brakes the fairy nation crowds,
And the Strimonian ſquadron ſeeks the clouds.
And now the delegate prepares to go
And view the wonders of the realms below;
Then takes Amomum from the golden bough.
Thrice did the goddeſs with her ſacred wand
The pavement ſtrike; and ſtraight at her command
The willing ſurface opens, and deſcries
A deep deſcent that leads to nether ſkies.
Hygeia to the ſilent region tends;
And with his heav'nly guide the charge deſcends.
Thus Numa, when to hallow'd caves retir'd,
Was by Ægeria guarded and inſpir'd.
Within the chambers of the globe they ſpy
The beds where ſleeping vegetables lie,
'Till the glad ſummons of a genial ray
Unbinds the glebe, and calls them out to day.
Hence Pancies trick themſelves in various hew,
And hence Jonquils derive their fragrant dew;
Hence the Carnation and the baſhful Roſe
Their virgin bluſhes to the morn diſcloſe;
Hence the chaſte Lily riſes to the light,
Unveils her ſnowy breaſts, and charms the ſight;
Hence arbours are with twining greens array'd,
T' oblige complaining lovers with their ſhade;
And hence on Daphne's laurel'd forehead grow
Immortal wreaths for Phœbus and Naſſau.

The inſects here their lingring trance ſurvive:
Benumb'd they ſeem, and doubtful if alive.
From winter's fury hither they repair,
And ſtay for milder ſkies and ſofter air.
Down to theſe cells obſcener reptiles creep,
Where hateful Nutes and painted Lizards ſleep.
Where ſhiv'ring ſnakes the ſummer ſolſtice wait;
Unfurl their painted folds, and ſlide in ſtate.
Here their new form the numb'd Erucæ hide,
Their num'rous feet in ſlender bandage ty'd:
Soon as the kindling ear begins to riſe,
This upſtart race their native clod deſpiſe,
And proud of painted wings attempt the ſkies.
Now thoſe profounder regions they explore,
Where metals ripen in vaſt cakes of ore.
Here, ſullen to the ſight, at large is ſpread
The dull unwieldy maſs of lumpiſh lead.
There, glimm'ring in their dawning beds, are ſeen
The light aſpiring ſeeds of ſprightly tin.
The copper ſparkles next in ruddy ſtreaks;
And in the gloom betrays its glowing cheeks.
The ſilver then with bright and burniſh'd grace,
Youth and a blooming luſtre in its face,
To th' arms of thoſe more yielding metals flies,
And in the folds of their embraces lies.
So cloſe they cling, ſo ſtubbornly retire;
Their love's more violent than the chymiſt's fire.
Near theſe the delegate with wonder ſpies
Where floods of living ſilver ſerpentiſe:
Where richeſt metals their bright looks put on,
And golden ſtreams through amber channels run.

Where light's gay god deſcends to ripen gems,
And lend a luſtre brighter than his beams.
Here he obſerves the ſubterranean cells,
Where wanton nature ſports in idle ſhells.
Some helioids, ſome conical appear:
Theſe, mitres emulate, thoſe turbans are.
Here marcaſites in various figures wait,
To ripen to a true metallic ſtate:
Till drops that from impending rocks deſcend
Their ſubſtance petrify, and progreſs end.
Nigh, livid ſeas of kindled ſulphur flow,
And whilſt enrag'd, their fiery ſurges glow,
Convulſions in the lab'ring mountains riſe,
And hurl their melted vitals to the ſkies.
He views with horror next the noiſy cave,
Where with hoarſe dins impriſon'd tempeſts rave;
Where clam'orus hurricanes attempt their flight,
Or, whirling in tumultuous eddies, fight.
The warring winds unmov'd Hygeia heard,
Brav'd their loud jars, but much for Celſus fear'd.
Andromeda, ſo whilſt her hero fought,
Shook for his danger, but her own forgot.
And now the goddeſs with her charge deſcends,
Where ſcarce one chearful glimpſe their ſteps befriends;
Here his forſaken ſeat old Chaos keeps;
And undiſturb'd by form, in ſilence ſleeps.
A griſly wight, and hideous to the eye,
An aukward lump of ſhapeleſs anarchy.
With ſordid age his features are defac'd;
His lands unpeopl'd, and his countries waſte.
To theſe dark realms much learned lumber creeps,
There copious Morton ſafe in ſilence ſleeps.

Where muſhroom libels in oblivion lie,
And, ſoon as born, like other monſters die.
Upon a couch of jet in theſe abodes,
Dull Night, his melancholy conſort, nods.
No ways and means their cabinet employ;
But their dark hours they waſte in barren joy.
Nigh this receſs, with terror they ſurvey
Where Death maintains his dread tyrannic ſway;
In the cloſe covert of a cypreſs grove,
Where goblins friſk, and airy ſpectres rove,
Yawns a dark cave, with awful horror wide,
And there the monarch's triumphs are deſcry'd.
Confus'd, and wildly huddled to the eye,
The beggar's pouch, and prince's purple lie.
Dim lamps with ſickly rays ſcarce ſeem to glow;
Sighs heave in mournful moans, and tears o'erflow.
Reſtleſs Anxiety, forlorn Deſpair,
And all the faded family of Care.
Old mouldring urns, racks, daggers and diſtreſs
Make up the frightful horror of the place.
Within its dreadful jaws thoſe furies wait,
Which execute the harſh decrees of fate.
Febris is firſt: The hag relentleſs hears
The virgin's ſighs, and ſees the infant's tears.
In her parch'd eye-balls fiery meteors reign;
And reſtleſs ferments revel in each vein.
Then Hydrops next appears amongſt the throng,
Bloated, and big, ſhe ſlowly ſails along.
But like a miſer, in exceſs ſhe's poor,
And pines for thirſt amidſt her watry ſtore.
Now loathſome Lepra, that offenſive ſpright,
With foul eruptions ſtain'd, offends the ſight;

Still deaf to beauty's ſoft perſuading pow'r;
Nor can bright Hebe's charms her bloom ſecure.
Whilſt meagre Pthiſis gives a ſilent blow,
Her ſtrokes are ſure, but her advances ſlow.
No loud alarms, nor fierce aſſaults are ſhown:
She ſtarves the fortreſs firſt, then takes the town.
Behind ſtood crowds of much inferior name,
Too num'rous to repeat, too foul to name,
The vaſſals of their monarch's tyranny,
Who, at his nod, on fatal errands fly.
Now Celſus, with his glorious guide, invades
The ſilent region of the fleeting ſhades;
Where rocks and rueful deſarts are deſcry'd,
And ſullen Styx rolls down his lazy tide;
Then ſhews the ferry-man the plant he bore,
And claims his paſſage to the further ſhore.
To whom the Stygian pilot ſmiling, ſaid,
You need no paſſport to demand our aid.
Phyſicians never linger on this ſtrand:
Old Charon's preſent ſtill at their command
Our awful monarch and his conſort owe
To them the peopling of their realms below.
Then in his ſwarthy hand he graſp'd the oar,
Receiv'd his gueſts aboard and ſhov'd from ſhore.
Now, as the goddeſs and her charge prepare
To breathe the ſweets of ſoft Elyſian air,
Upon the left they ſpy a penſive ſhade,
Who on his bended arm had rais'd his head:
Pale grief ſat heavy on his mournful look;
To whom, not unconcern'd, thus Celſus ſpoke:
Tell me, thou much afflicted ſhade, why ſighs
Burſt from your breaſt and torrents from your eyes:

And who thoſe mangled Manes are, which ſhow
A ſullen ſatisfaction at your woe?
Since, ſaid the ghoſt, with pity you'll attend.
Know, I'm Guâicum, once your firmeſt friend,
And on this barren beach in diſcontent
Am doom'd to ſtay, 'till th' angry pow'rs relent.
Thoſe ſpectres, ſeam'd with ſcars that threaten there,
The victims of my late ill-conduct are.
They vex with endleſs clamours my repoſe:
This wants his palate; that demands his noſe:
And here they execute ſtern Pluto's will,
And ply me ev'ry moment with a pill.
Then Celſus thus; O much-lamented ſtate!
How rigid is the ſentence you relate?
Methinks I recollect your former air,
But ah, how much you're chang'd from what you were!
Inſipid as your late ptiſans you lie,
That once were ſprightlier far than mercury.
At the ſad tale you tell, the poppies weep,
And mourn their vegetable ſouls aſleep;
The unctuous larix, and the healing pine
Lament your fate in tears of turpentine;
But ſtill the offspring of your brain ſhall prove
The grocer's care, and brave the rage of Jove.
When bonfires blaze, your vagrant works ſhall riſe,
In rockets, 'till they reach the wond'ring ſkies.
If mortals e'er the Stygian pow'rs could bend,
Intreaties to their awful ſeats I'd ſend.
But ſince no human arts the fates diſſuade;
Direct me how to find bleſs'd Harvey's ſhade.
In vain th' unhappy ghoſt ſtill urg'd his ſtay;
Then riſing from the ground, he ſhew'd the way.

Nigh the dull ſhore a ſhapeleſs mountain ſtood,
That with a dreadful frown ſurvey'd the flood.
Its fearful brow no lively greens put on,
No friſking goats bound o'er the ridgy ſtone.
To gain the ſummit the bright goddeſs try'd,
And Celſus follow'd, by degrees, his guide.
Th' aſcent thus conquer'd, now they tow'r on high,
And taſte th' indulgence of a milder ſky.
Looſe breezes on their airy pinions play,
Soft infant bloſſoms their chaſte odours pay,
And roſes bluſh their fragrant lives away.
Cool ſtreams thro' flow'ry meadows gently glide;
And as they paſs, their painted banks they chide.
Theſe bliſsful plains no blights, nor mildews fear,
The Flow'rs ne'er fade, and ſhrubs are myrtles here.
The morn awakes the tulip from her bed;
Ere noon in painted pride ſhe decks her head;
Rob'd in rich dye ſhe triumphs on the green,
And ev'ry flow'r does homage to their queen.
So when bright Venus riſes from the flood,
Around in throngs the wond'ring Nereids crowd:
The Tritons gaze, and tune each vocal ſhell,
And ev'ry grace unſung, the waves conceal.
The Delegate, obſerves, with wond'ring eyes,
Ambroſial dews deſcend, and incenſe riſe:
Then haſtens onward to the penſive grove,
The ſilent manſion of diſaſtrous love.
Here Jealouſy with jaundice look appears,
And broken ſlumbers, and fantaſtic fears.
The widow'd turtle hangs her moulting wings,
And to the woods in mournful murmurs ſings.

No winds but ſighs there are, no floods but tears;
Each conſcious tree a tragic ſignal bears.
Their wounded bark records ſome broken vow,
And willow garlands hang on ev'ry bough.
Olivia here in ſolitude he found,
Her down-caſt eyes fix'd on the ſilent ground:
Her dreſs neglected, and unbound her hair,
She ſeem'd the dying image of deſpair.
How lately did this celebrated Thing
Blaze in the box, and ſparkle in the ring!
'Till the green-ſickneſs and love's force betray'd
To death's remorſeleſs arms th' unhappy maid.
All o'er confus'd the guilty lover ſtood,
The light forſook his eyes, his cheeks the blood;
An icy horror ſhiver'd in his look,
As to the cold-complexion'd nymph he ſpoke:
Tell me, dear ſhade, from whence ſuch anxious care,
Your looks diſorder'd, and your boſom bare?
Why thus you languiſh like a drooping flow'r,
Cruſh'd by the weight of ſome relentleſs ſhow'r?
Your languid looks, your late ill conduct tell;
Oh that inſtead of traſh you'd taken ſteel!
Stabb'd with th' unkind reproach, the conſcious maid
Thus to her late inſulting lover ſaid;
When ladies liſten not to looſe deſire,
You ſtile our modeſty, our want of fire:
Smile or forbid, encourage or reprove,
You ſtill find reaſons to believe we love:
Vainly you think a liking we betray,
And never mean the peeviſh things we ſay.
Few are the fair ones of Ruſilla's make,
Unaſk'd ſhe grants, uninjur'd ſhe'll forſake:

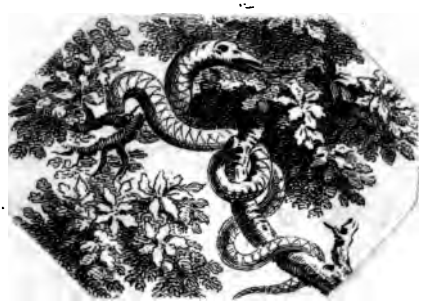
But sev'ral Celsa, sev'ral ages boast,
That like, where reason recommends the most.
Where heav'nly truth and tenderness conspire,
Chaste passion may persuade us to desire.
Your sex, he cry'd, as custom bids, behaves;
In forms the tyrant ties such haughty slaves.
To do nice conduct right, you nature wrong;
Impulses are but weak, where reason's strong.
Some want the courage, but bow few the flame;
They like the thing, that startle at the name.
The lonely Phœnix, tho' profess'd a nun,
Warms into love, and kindles at the sun.
Those tales of spicy urns and fragrant fires,
Are but the emblems of her scorch'd desires.
Then as he strove to clasp the fleeting fair,
His empty arms confess'd th' impassive air.
From his embrace the unbody'd spectre flies,
And as she mov'd, she chid him with her eyes.
They hasten now to that delightful plain,
Where the glad Manes of the bless'd remain:
Where Harvey gathers simples, to bestow
Immortal youth on heroe's shades below.
Soon as the bright Hygeia was in view,
The venerable sage her presence knew;
Thus he ——

Hail, blooming goddess! thou propitious pow'r,
Whose blessings mortals more than life implore!
With so much lustre your bright looks endear,
That cottages are courts where these appear.
Mankind, as you vouchsafe to smile or frown,
Finds ease in chains, or anguish in a crown.

With juſt reſentments and contempt you ſee
The foul diſſenſions of the faculty;
How your ſad ſick'ning art now hangs her head,
And once a ſcience, is become a trade.
Her ſons ne'er riſe her myſterious ſtore,
But ſtudy nature leſs, and lucre more.
Not ſo when Rome to th' Epidaurian rais'd
A temple, where devoted inceaſe blaz'd.
Oft father Tiber views the lofty fire,
As the learn'd ſon is worſhip'd like the ſire;
The ſage with Romulus like honours claim;
The gift of life and laws were then the ſame.
I ſhow'd of old, how vital currents glide,
And the meanders of their reflux tide.
Then, Willis, why ſpontaneous actions here,
And whence involuntary motions there:
And how the ſpirits by mechanic laws,
In wild careers tumultuous riots cauſe.
Nor wou'd our Wharton, Bates, and Gliſſon lie
In the abyſs of blind obſcurity.
But now ſuch wond'rous ſearches are forborn,
And Pæan's art is by diviſions torn.
Then let your Charge attend, and I'll explain
How her loſt health your ſcience may regain.
Haſte, and the matchleſs Atticus addreſs,
From heav'n and great Naſſau he has the mace.
Th' oppreſs'd to his aſylum ſtill repair;
Arts he ſupports, and learning is his care.
He ſoftens the harſh rigor of the laws,
Blunts their keen edge, and grinds their harpy claws;
And graciouſly he caſts a pitying eye
On the ſad ſtate of virtuous poverty.

Whene'er he ſpeaks, heaven! how the liſt'ning throng
Dwells on the melting muſic of his tongue.
His arguments are emblems of his mien,
Mild, but not faint, and forcing, tho' ſerene;
And when the pow'r of eloquence he'd try,
Here, light'ning ſtrikes you; there, ſoft breezes ſigh.
To him you muſt your ſickly ſtate refer,
Your charter claims him as your viſiter.
Your wounds he'll cloſe, and ſov'reignly reſtore
Your ſcience to the height it had before.
Then Naſſau's health ſhall be your glorious aim;
His life ſhould be as laſting as his fame.
Some princes claims from devaſtations ſpring;
He condeſcends in pity to be king:
And when amidſt his olives plac'd, he ſtands,
And governs more by candor than commands:
Ev'n then not leſs a hero he appears,
Than when his laurel diadem he wears.
Wou'd Phœbus or his Granville, but inſpire
Their ſacred veh'mence of poetic fire;
To celebrate in ſong that god-like pow'r,
Which did the lab'ring univerſe reſtore:
Fair Albion's cliffs wou'd echo to the ſtrain,
And praiſe the arm that conquer'd, to regain
The earth's repoſe, and empire o'er the main.
Still may th' immortal man his cares repeat,
To make his bleſſings endleſs as they're great:
Whilſt malice and ingratitude confeſs
They've ſtrove for ruin long without ſucceſs.
When late, Jove's eagle from the pile ſhall riſe
To bear the victor to the boundleſs ſkies,

A while the god puts off paternal care,
Neglects the earth, to give the heav'ns a ſtar.
Near thee, Alcides, ſhall the hero ſhine;
His rays reſembling, as his labours, thine.
Had ſome fam'd patriot, of Latin blood,
Like Julius great, and like Octavius good,
But thus preſerv'd the Latin liberties,
Aſpiring columns ſoon had reach'd the ſkies:
Loud Io's the proud capitol had ſhook,
And all the ſtatues of the gods had ſpoke.
No more the ſage his raptures cou'd purſue:
He paus'd; and Celſus with his guide withdrew.



CLAREMONT.

Addreſſed to the Right Honourable the

EARL OF CLARE,

NOW

DUKE OF NEWCASTLE.

——Dryadum ſilvas, ſaltuſque ſequamur
Intactos, tua, Mæcenas, haud mollia juſſa. VIRG

PREFACE.

THEY that have ſeen thoſe two excellent poems of Cooper's hill and Windſor-foreſt; the one by ſir J. Denham, the other by mr. Pope; will ſhew a great deal of candor if they approve of this. It was writ upon giving the name of Claremont to a Villa, now belonging to the earl of Clare. The ſituation is ſo agreeable and ſurpriſing, that it inclines one to think, ſome place of this nature put Ovid at firſt upon the ſtory of Narciſſus and Echo. 'Tis probable he had obſerv'd ſome ſpring ariſing amongſt woods and rocks, where echos were heard; and ſome flower bending over the ſtream, and by conſequence reflected from it. After reading the ſtory in the third book of the Metamorphoſis, 'tis obvious to object (as an ingenious friend has already done) that the renewing the charms of a nymph, of which Ovid had diſpoſſeſs'd her,

—— vox tantùm atque oſſa ſuperſunt,

is too great a violation of poetical authority. I dare ſay the gentleman who is meant, wou'd have been well pleas'd to have found no faults. There are not many authors one can ſay the ſame of: Experience ſhows us every day that there are writers who cannot bear a brother ſhould ſucceed, and the only refuge from their indignation is by being inconſiderable; upon which reflection, this thing ought to have a pretence to their favour.

They who wou'd be more inform'd of what relates to the ancient Britons, and the Druids their prieſts, may be directed by the quotations to the authors that have mention'd them.

CLAREMONT.

WHAT frenzy has of late poſſeſs'd the brain?
Tho' few can write, yet fewer can refrain.
So rank our ſoil, our bards riſe in ſuch ſtore,
Their rich retaining patrons ſcarce are more.
The laſt indulge the fault, the firſt commit;
And take off ſtill the offal of their wit.
So ſhameleſs, ſo abandon'd are their ways;
They poche Parnaſſus, and lay ſnares for praiſe.
None ever can without admirers live,
Who have a penſion or a place to give.
Great miniſters ne'er fail of great deſerts;
The herald gives them blood; the poet, parts.
Senſe is of courſe annex'd to wealth and pow'r;
No muſe is proof againſt a golden ſhow'r.

Let but his lordſhip write ſome poor lampoon,
He's Horac'd up in doggrel like his own.
Or, if to rant in tragic rage he yields,
Falſe fame cries—Athens; honeſt truth—Moorfields.
Thus fool'd, he flounces on thro' floods of ink;
Flags with full ſail; and riſes but to ſink.
Some venal pens ſo proſtitute the bays,
Their panegyrics laſh; their ſatires praiſe.
So nauſeouſly, and ſo unlike they paint,
N———'s an Adonis; M———r a ſaint.
Metius with thoſe fam'd heroes is compar'd,
That led in triumph Porus and Tallard.
But ſuch a ſhameleſs muſe muſt laughter move,
That aims to make Salmoneus vye with Jove.
To form great works puts fate itſelf to pain,
Ev'n nature labours for a mighty man.
And to perpetuate her hero's fame,
She ſtrains no leſs a poet next to frame.
Rare as the hero's, is the poet's rage;
Churchils and Drydens riſe but once an age.
With earthquakes tow'ring Pindar's birth begun:
And an eclipſe produced Alcmena's ſon:
The fire of gods o'er Phœbus caſt a ſhade;
But, with a hero, well the world repaid.
No bard for bribes ſhou'd proſtitute his vein;
Nor dare to flatter where he ſhould arraign.
To grant big Thraſo valour, Phormio, ſenſe,
Shou'd indignation give, at leaſt offence.
I hate ſuch mercenaries, and wou'd try
From this reproach to reſcue poetry.
Apollo's ſons ſhou'd ſcorn the ſervile art,
And to court-preachers leave the fulſom part.

What then—you'll ſay, muſt no true ſterling paſs,
Becauſe impure allays ſome coin debaſe?
Yes, praiſe, if juſtly offer'd, I'll allow;
And, when I meet with merit, ſcribble too.
The Man who's honeſt, open, and a friend,
Glad to oblige, uneaſy to offend:
Forgiving others, to himſelf ſevere;
Tho' earneſt, eaſy; civil, yet ſincere;
Who ſeldom but through great good-nature errs;
Deteſting fraud as much as flatterers;
'Tis he my muſe's homage ſhou'd receive;
If I cou'd write, or Hoſles cou'd forgive.
But pardon, learn'd youth, that I decline
A name ſo lov'd by me, ſo lately thine,
When Pelham you reſign'd, what cou'd repair
A loſs ſo great, unleſs Newcaſtle's heir!
Hydaſpes that the Aſian plains divides,
From his bright urn in pureſt chryſtal glides.
But when new-gath'ring ſtreams enlarge his courſe;
He's Indus nam'd, and rolls with mightier force.
In fabled floods of gold his current flows,
And wealth on nations as he runs, beſtows.
Direct me, Clare, to name ſome nobler muſe,
That for her theme thy late Receſs may chooſe,
Such bright deſcriptions ſhall the ſubject dreſs;
Such vary'd ſcenes, ſuch pleaſing images;
That ſwains ſhall leave their lawns, and nymphs their bow'rs,
And quit Arcadia for a ſeat like yours.
But ſay, who ſhall attempt th' advent'rous part,
Where nature borrows dreſs from Vanbrook's art,
If, by Apollo taught, he touch the lyre,
Stones mount in columns, palaces aſpire,
And rocks are animated with his fire.

'Tis he can paint in verſe thoſe riſing hills,
Their gentle vallies, and their ſilver rills:
Cloſe groves, and op'ning glades with verdure ſpread,
Flow'rs ſighing ſweets, and ſhrubs that balſam bleed.
With gay variety the proſpect crown'd,
And all the bright Horizon ſmiling round.
Whilſt I attempt to tell how antient fame
Records from whence the villa took its name.
In times of old, when Britiſh nymphs were known
To love no foreign faſhions like their own;
When Dreſs was monſtrous, and fig-leaves the mode,
And quality put on no paint but Woade.
Of Spaniſh red unheard was then the name;
For cheeks were only taught to bluſh by ſhame.
No Beauty to increaſe her crowd of ſlaves,
Roſe out of waſh, as Venus out of waves.
Not yet lead-comb was on the toilet plac'd;
Not yet broad eye-brows were reduc'd by paſte:
No ſhape-ſmith ſet up ſhop, and drove a trade
To mend the work wiſe providence had made.
Tires were unheard of, and unknown the loom,
And thrifty ſilkworms ſpun for times to come.
Bare limbs were then the marks of modeſty;
All like Diana were below the knee.
The men appear'd a rough undaunted race,
Surly in ſhow, unfaſhion'd in addreſs.
Upright in actions, and in thought ſincere;
And ſtrictly were the ſame they would appear.
Honour was plac'd in probity alone;
For villains had no titles but their own.
None travell'd to return politely mad;
But ſtill what fancy wanted, reaſon had.

Whatever nature aſk'd, their hands cou'd give;
Unlearn'd in feaſts, they only eat to live.
No cook with art increas'd phyſicians fees;
Nor ſerv'd up death in ſoups and fricaſeys.
Their taſte was, like their temper, unrefin'd;
For looks were then the language of the mind.
Ere right and wrong, by turns, ſet prices bore;
And conſcience had its rate like common whore:
Or tools to great employment had pretence;
Or merit was made out by impudence;
Or coxcombs look'd aſſuming in affairs;
And humble friends grew haughty miniſters.
In thoſe good days of innocence, here ſtood
Of oaks, with heads unſhorn, a ſolemn wood,
Frequented by the Druids, to beſtow
Religious honours on the miſsleto.
The naturaliſts are puzzled to explain
How trees did firſt this ſtranger entertain;
Whether the buſy birds ingraft it there:
Or elſe ſome deity's myſterious care,
As Druids thought; for when the blaſted oak
By lightning falls, this plant eſcapes the ſtroke.
So when the Gauls the tow'rs of Rome defac'd,
And flames drove forward with outrageous waſte;
Jove's favour'd capitol uninjur'd ſtood:
So ſacred was the manſion of a god.
Shades honour'd by this plant the Druids choſe,
Here, for the bleeding victims, altars roſe.
To Hermes oft they paid their ſacrifice;
Parent of arts, and patron of the wiſe.
Good rules in mild perſuaſions they convey'd;
Their lives confirming what their lectures ſaid.

None violated truth, invaded right;
Yet had few laws, but will and appetite.
The people's peace they ſtudy'd, and profeſs
No politicks but public intereſt.
Hard was their lodging, homely was their food;
For all their luxury was doing good.
No mitre'd Prieſt did then with Princes vie,
Nor, o'er his maſter, claim ſupremacy;
Nor were the rules of faith allow'd more pure,
For being ſeveral centuries obſcure.
None loſt their fortunes, forfeited their blood,
For not believing what none underſtood.
Nor ſimony, nor Sine-Cure were known;
Nor wou'd the bee work honey for the drone.
Nor was the way invented, to diſmiſs
Frail Abigails with fat Pluralities.
But then in fillets bound, a hallow'd Band
Taught how to tend the flocks, and till the land:
Cou'd tell what murrains in what months begun,
And how the ſeaſons travel'd with the ſun:
When his dim orb ſeem'd wading through the air:
They told that rain on dropping wings drew near;
And that the winds their bellowing throats wou'd try,
When redd'ning clouds reflect his blood-ſhot eye.
All their remarks on nature's laws, require
More lines than wou'd ev'n Alpin's readers tire.
This ſect in ſacred veneration held
Opinions, by the Samian Sage reveal'd;
That matter no annihilation knows,
But wanders from theſe tenements to thoſe.
For when the Plaſtic particles are gone,
They rally in ſome ſpecies like their own.

The ſelf-ſame atoms, if new jumbled, will
In ſeas be reſtleſs, and in earth be ſtill;
Can, in the truſſe, furniſh out a feaſt;
And nauſeate, in the ſcaly ſquill, the taſte.
Thoſe falling leaves that wither with the year,
Will, in the next, on other ſtems appear.
The ſap that now forſakes the burſting bud,
In ſome new ſhoot will circulate green blood.
The breath to-day that from the Jaſmin blows,
Will, when the ſeaſon offers, ſcent the roſe;
And thoſe bright flames that in carnations glow,
Ere long will blanch the lily with a ſnow.
They hold that matter muſt be ſtill the ſame;
And varies but in figure and in name.
And that the ſoul not dies, but ſhifts her ſeat;
New rounds of life to run; or paſt, repeat.
Thus when the brave and virtuous ceaſe to live;
In beings brave and virtuous they revive.
Again ſhall Romulus in Naſſau reign;
Great Numa, in a Brunſwick prince, ordain
Good laws; and Halcyon years ſhall huſh the world again.
The truths of old traditions were their theme;
Or gods deſcending in a morning dream.
Paſs'd acts they cited; and to come, foretold;
And cou'd events not ripe for fate, unfold.
Beneath the ſhady covers of an oak,
In rhymes uncouth, prophetic thus they ſpoke.
Attend then, Clare; nor is the legend long;
The ſtory of thy Villa is their ſong.
The fair Montano, of the Sylvan race,
Was with each beauty bleſs'd, and ev'ry grace:

His ſire, green Faunus, guardian of the wood;
His mother, a ſwift Naiad of the flood.
Her ſilver urn ſupply'd the neighb'ring ſtreams,
A darling daughter of the bounteous Thames.
Not lovelier ſeem'd Narciſſus to the eye;
Nor, when a flower, cou'd boaſt more fragrancy.
His ſkin might with the down of ſwans compare,
More ſmooth than pearl; than mountain ſnow more fair.
In ſhape ſo poplars or the cedars pleaſe:
But thoſe are not ſo ſtraight; nor graceful theſe.
His flowing hair in unforc'd ringlets hung;
Tuneful his voice, perſuaſive was his tongue.
The haughtieſt fair ſcarce heard without a wound,
But ſunk to ſoftneſs at the melting ſound.
The fourth bright Luſtre had but juſt begun
To ſhade his bluſhing cheeks with doubtful down.
All day he rang'd the woods, and ſpread the toils,
And knew no pleaſures but in Sylvan ſpoils.
In vain the nymphs put on each pleaſing grace;
Too cheap the quarry ſeem'd, too ſhort the chace.
For tho' poſſeſſion be th' undoubted view;
To ſeize, is far leſs pleaſure than purſue.
Thoſe nymphs that yield too ſoon, their charms impair,
And prove at laſt but deſpicably fair.
His own undoing glutton Love decrees;
And palls the appetite, he meant to pleaſe.
His ſlender wants too largely he ſupplies;
Thrives on ſhort meals, but by indulgence dies.
A grot there was with hoary moſs o'ergrown,
Rough with rude ſhells, and arch'd with mould'ring ſtone;
Sad ſilence reigns within the loneſom wall;
And weeping rills but whiſper as they fall.

The claſping ivys up the ruin creep;
And there the bat and drowſy beetle ſleep.
This cell ſad Echo choſe, by love betray'd,
A fit retirement for a mourning maid.
Hither fatigu'd with toil, the Sylvan flies,
To ſhun the calenture of ſultry ſkies:
But feels a fiercer flame, love's keeneſt dart
Finds through his eyes a paſſage to his heart.
Penſive the virgin ſat with folded arms,
Her tears but lending luſtre to his charms.
With pity he beholds her wounding woes;
But wants himſelf the pity he beſtows.
Oh whether of a mortal born! he cries;
Or ſome fair daughter of the diſtant ſkies;
That, in compaſſion leaves your chryſtal ſphere,
To guard ſome favour'd charge, and wander here.
Slight not my ſuit, nor too ungentle prove;
But pity one, a novice yet in love.
If words avail not; ſee my ſuppliant tears;
Nor diſregard thoſe dumb petitioners.
From this complaint the tyrant virgin flies,
Aſſerting all the empire of her eyes.
Full thrice three days he lingers out in grief,
Nor ſeeks from ſleep, or ſuſtenance, relief.
The lamp of life now caſts a glimm'ring light;
The meeting lids his ſetting eyes benight.
What force remains, the hapleſs lover tries;
Invoking thus his kindred deities.
Haſte, parents of the flood, your race to mourn;
With tears repleniſh each exhauſted urn.
Retake the life you gave, but let the maid
Fall a juſt victim to an injur'd ſhade.

More he endeavour'd; but the accents hung
Half form'd, and ſtopp'd unfiniſh'd on his tongue.
For him the Graces their ſad vigils keep;
Love broke his bow, and wiſh'd for eyes to weep.
What gods can do, the mournful Faunus tries;
A mount erecting where the Sylvan lies.
The rural pow'rs, the wond'rous pile ſurvey,
And piouſly their diff'rent honours pay.
Th' aſcent, with verdant herbage Pales ſpread;
And nymphs transform'd to laurels, lent their ſhade.
Her ſtream a Naiad from the baſis pours;
And Flora ſtrows the ſummit with her flowers.
Alone mount Latmos claims pre-eminence,
When ſilver Cynthia lights the world from thence.
Sad Echo now laments her rigor, more
Than for Narciſſus her looſe flame before.
Her fleſh to ſinew ſhrinks, her charms are fled;
All day in rifted rocks ſhe hides her head.
Soon as the ev'ning ſhows a ſky ſerene,
Abroad ſhe ſtrays, but never to be ſeen.
And ever as the weeping Naiads name
Her cruelty, the nymph repeats the ſame.
With them ſhe joins, her lover to deplore,
And haunts the lonely dales, he rang'd before.
Her ſex's privilege ſhe yet retains;
And tho' to nothing waſted, Voice remains.
So ſung the Druids—then with rapture fir'd,
Thus utter what the Delphick god inſpir'd.
Ere twice ten centuries ſhall fleet away,
A Brunſwick prince ſhall Britain's ſcepter ſway.
No more fair Liberty ſhall mourn her chains;
The Maid is reſcu'd, her lov'd Perſeus reigns.

From Jove he comes, the captive to reſtore,
Nor can the thunder of his Sire do more.
Religion ſhall dread nothing but diſguiſe;
And juſtice need no bandage for her eyes.
Britannia ſmiles, nor fears a foreign lord;
Her ſafety to ſecure, two powers accord,
Her Neptune's trident, and her Monarch's ſword.
Like him, ſhall his Auguſtus ſhine in arms,
Tho' captive to his Carolina's charms.
Ages with future heroes ſhe ſhall bleſs;
And Venus once more found an Alban race.
Then ſhall a Clare in honour's cauſe engage:
Example muſt reclaim a graceleſs age.
Where guides themſelves for guilty views miſ-lead;
And laws ev'n by the legiſlators bleed,
His brave contempt of ſtate ſhall teach the proud,
None but the virtuous are of noble blood.
For Tyrants are but Princes in diſguiſe,
Tho' ſprung by long deſcents from Ptolemies.
Right he ſhall vindicate, good laws defend;
The firmeſt patriot, and the warmeſt friend.
Great Edward's order early he ſhall wear;
New light reſtoring to the ſully'd Star.
Oft will his leiſure this Retirement chuſe,
Still finding future ſubjects for the muſe,
And to record the Sylvan's fatal flame,
The Place ſhall live in ſong, and Claremont be the name.

TO THE LADY LOUISA LENOS, WITH OVID'S EPISTLES.

IN moving lines theſe few epiſtles tell
What fate attends the nymph that likes too well:
How faintly the ſucceſsful lovers burn;
And their neglected charms how ladies mourn.
The fair you'll find, when ſoft intreaties fail,
Aſſert their unconteſted right, and rail.
Too ſoon they liſten, and reſent too late;
'Tis ſure they love, whene'er they ſtrive to hate.
Their ſex or proudly ſhuns, or poorly craves;
Commencing tyrants, and concluding ſlaves.
In diff'ring breaſts what diff'ring paſſions glow!
Ours kindle quick, but yours extinguiſh ſlow.
The fire we boaſt, with force uncertain burns,
And breaks but out, as appetite returns:
But yours, like incenſe, mounts by ſoft degrees,
And in a fragrant flame conſumes to pleaſe.
Your ſex, in all that can engage, excel;
And ours in patience, and perſuading well.
Impartial nature equally decrees:
You have your pride, and we our perjuries.
Tho' form'd to conquer, yet too oft you fall
By giving nothing, or by granting all.
But, Madam, long will your unpractis'd years
Smile at the tale of lover's hopes and fears.
Tho' infant graces ſooth your gentle hours,
More ſoft than ſighs, more ſweet than breathing flow'rs;

Let raſh admirers your keen light'ning fear;
'Tis bright at diſtance, but deſtroys if near.
The time e'er long, if verſe preſage, will come,
Your charms ſhall open in full Brudenal bloom.
All eyes ſhall gaze, all hearts ſhall homage vow,
And not a lover languiſh but for you.
The muſe ſhall ſtring her lyre, with garlands crown'd,
And each bright nymph ſhall ſicken at the ſound.
So when Aurora firſt ſalutes the ſight,
Pleas'd we behold the tender dawn of light;
But when with riper red ſhe warms the ſkies,
In circling throngs the wing'd muſicians riſe:
And the gay groves rejoice in ſymphonies.
Each pearly flow'r with painted beauty ſhines;
And ev'ry ſtar its fading fire reſigns.

TO RICHARD EARL OF BURLINGTON, WITH OVID'S ART OF LOVE.

MY LORD,

OUR poet's rules, in eaſy numbers tell,
He felt the paſſion he deſcribes ſo well.
In that ſoft art ſucceſsfully refin'd,
Tho' angry Cæſar frown'd, the fair were kind.
More ills from love, than tyrants malice flow;
Jove's thunder ſtrikes leſs ſure than Cupid's bow.
Ovid both felt the pain, and found the eaſe:
Phyſicians ſtudy moſt their own diſeaſe.
The practice of that age in this we try,
Ladies wou'd liſten then, and lovers lye.
Who flatter'd moſt the fair, were moſt polite,
Each thought her own admirer in the right:

To be but faintly rude was criminal,
But to be boldly ſo, aton'd for all.
Breeding was baniſh'd for the fair-one's ſake,
The ſex ne'er gives, but ſuffers ours ſhou'd take.
Advice to you, my lord, in vain we bring,
The flow'rs ne'er fail to meet the blooming ſpring.
Tho' you poſſeſs all nature's gifts, take care;
Love's queen has charms, but fatal is her ſnare.
On all, that goddeſs her falſe ſmiles beſtows,
As on the ſeas ſhe reigns, from whence ſhe roſe.
Young Zephyrs ſigh with fragrant breath, ſoft gales
Guide her gay barge, and ſwell the ſilken ſails;
Each ſilver wave in beauteous order moves,
Fair as her boſom, gentle as her doves;
But he that once embarks, too ſurely finds
A ſullen ſky, black ſtorms, and angry winds;
Cares, fears, and anguiſh, hov'ring on the coaſt,
And wrecks of wretches by their folly loſt.
When coming time ſhall bleſs you with a bride,
Let paſſion not perſuade, but reaſon guide;
Inſtead of gold, let gentle truth endear;
She has moſt charms who is the moſt ſincere.
Shun vain variety, 'tis but diſeaſe;
Weak appetites are ever hard to pleaſe.
The nymph muſt fear to be inquiſitive;
'Tis for the ſex's quiet to believe.
'Her air an eaſy confidence muſt ſhow,
And ſhun to find what ſhe wou'd dread to know;
Still charming with all arts that can engage,
And be the Juliana of the age.

TO THE DUTCHESS OF BOLTON, ON HER STAYING ALL THE WINTER IN THE COUNTRY.

CEASE rural conqueſts, and ſet free your ſwains,
To Dryads leave the groves, to nymphs the plains.
In penſive dales alone let echo dwell,
And each ſad ſigh ſhe hears with ſorrow tell.
Haſte, let your eyes at Kent's pavilion ſhine,
It wants but ſtars, and then the work's divine.
Of late, fame only tells of yielding towns,
Of captive gen'rals, and protected crowns:
Of purchas'd laurels, and of battles won,
Lines forc'd, ſtates vanquiſh'd, provinces o'er-run,
And all Alcide's labour ſumm'd in one.
The brave muſt to the fair now yield the prize,
And Engliſh arms ſubmit to Engliſh eyes:
In which bright liſt among the firſt you ſtand;
Tho' each a goddeſs, or a Sunderland.

TO THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH, ON HIS VOLUNTARY BANISHMENT.

GO, mighty prince, and thoſe great nations ſee,
Which thy victorious arms before made free,
View that fam'd column, where thy name engrav'd,
Shall tell their children who their empire ſav'd,
Point out the marble where thy worth is ſhown,
To every grateful country but thy own:
O cenſure undeſerv'd! Unequal fate!
Which ſtrove to leſſen him who made her great

Which pamper'd with ſucceſs and rich in fame,
Extoll'd his conqueſts, but condemn'd his name.
But virtue is a crime when plac'd on high,
Tho' all the fault's in the beholder's eye:
Yet he untouch'd, as in the heat of wars,
Flies from no danger but domeſtic jars,
Smiles at the dart which angry envy ſhakes,
And only fears for Her whom he forſakes:
He grieves to find the courſe of virtue croſs'd,
Bluſhing to ſee our blood no better loſt;
Diſdains in factious parties to contend,
And proves in abſence moſt Britannia's friend.
So the great Scipio of old, to ſhun
That glorious envy which his arms had won,
Far from his dear, ungrateful Rome retir'd,
Prepar'd, whene'er his country's cauſe requir'd,
To ſhine in peace or war, and be again admir'd.

TO THE EARL OF GODOLPHIN.

WHILST weeping Europe bends beneath her ills,
And where the ſword deſtroys not, famine kills;
Our iſle enjoys, by your ſucceſsful care,
The pomp of peace, amidſt the woes of war.
So much the public to your prudence owes,
You think no labour's long for our repoſe:
Such conduct, ſuch integrity are ſhown,
There are no coffers empty but your own.
From mean dependence, merit you retrieve,
Unaſk'd you offer, and unſeen you give:
Your favour, like the Nile, increaſe beſtows,
And yet conceals the ſource from whence it flows.

No pomp, or grand appearance you approve:
A people at your eaſe is what you love:
To leſſen taxes, and a nation ſave,
Are all the grants your ſervices wou'd have.
Thus far the ſtate-machine wants no repair,
But moves in matchleſs order by your care;
Free from confuſion, ſettled and ſerene;
And like the univerſe, by ſprings unſeen.
But now ſome ſtar ſiniſter to our pray'rs,
Contrives new ſchemes, and calls you from affairs:
No anguiſh in your looks, or cares appear,
But how to teach th' unpractis'd crew to ſteer.
Thus like a victim, no conſtraint you need,
To expiate their offence by whom you bleed.
Ingratitude's a weed of every clime,
It thrives too faſt at firſt, but fades in time.
The god of day, and your own lot's the ſame;
The vapours you have rais'd, obſcure your flame:
But tho' you ſuffer, and awhile retreat,
Your globe of light looks larger as you ſet.

ON HER MAJESTY'S STATUE IN ST. PAUL'S CHURCH-YARD.

NEAR the vaſt bulk of that ſtupendous frame
Known by the Gentiles great apoſtle's name;
With grace divine, great Anna's ſeen to riſe,
An awful form that glads a nation's eyes:
Beneath her feet four mighty realms appear,
And with due reverence pay their homage there,
Britain and Ireland, ſeem to own her grace,
And ev'n wild India wears a ſmiling face.

But France alone with downcaſt eyes is ſeen
The ſad attendant of ſo good a queen;
Ungrateful country! to forget ſo ſoon,
All that great Anna for thy ſake has done:
When ſworn the kind defender of thy cauſe,
Spite of her dear religion, ſpite of laws;
For thee ſhe ſheath'd the terrors of her ſword,
For thee ſhe broke her gen'ral——and her word:
For thee her mind in doubtful terms ſhe told,
And learn'd to ſpeak like oracles of old.
For thee, for thee alone, what cou'd ſhe more?
She loſt the honour ſhe had gain'd before;
Loſt all the trophies, which her arms had won,
(Such Cæſar never knew, nor Philip's ſon)
Reſign'd the glories of a ten year's reign,
And ſuch as none but Marlborough's arm cou'd gain.
For thee in annals ſhe's content to ſhine,
Like other monarchs of the Stuart line.

ON THE NEW CONSPIRACY, 1716.

WHERE, where, degen'rate countrymen—how ill
Will your fond folly and your madneſs fly?
Are ſcenes of death, and ſervile chains ſo dear,
To ſue for blood and bondage every year,
Like rebel Jews, with too much freedom curſt,
To court a change—tho' certain of the Worſt?
There is no climate which you have not fought,
Where tools of war, and vagrant kings are bought:
O! Noble paſſion, to your country kind,
To crown her with—the refuſe of mankind.

As if the New Rome, which your ſchemes unfold,
Were to be built on rapine, like the Old,
While her aſylum openly provides
For ev'ry ruffian ev'ry nation hides.
Will you ſtill tempt the great avenger's blow,
And force the bolt—which he is loth to throw?
Have there too few already bit the plains,
To make you ſeek new Preſtons and Dunblains?
If vengeance loſes its effects ſo faſt,
Yet thoſe of mercy ſure—ſhould longer laſt.
Say, Is it raſhneſs or deſpair provokes
Your harden'd hearts to theſe repeated ſtrokes?
Reply:—Behold, their looks, their ſouls declare,
All pale with guilt, and dumb with deep deſpair.
Hear then, you ſons of blood, your deſtin'd fate,
Hear, e'er you ſin—but to repent too late.
Madly you try to weaken GEORGE's reign,
And ſtem the ſtream of providence in vain.
By right, by worth, by wonders made our own,
The hand that gave it, ſhall preſerve his throne.
As vain your hopes to diſtant times remove,
To try the ſecond, or the third from Jove,
For 'tis the nature of that ſacred line,
To conquer monſters, and to grow divine.

ON THE KING OF SPAIN.

PALLAS, deſtructive to the Trojan line,
Raz'd their proud walls, tho' built by hands divine:
But love's bright goddeſs, with propitious grace
Preſerv'd a hero, and reſtor'd the race.

Thus the fam'd empire where the Iber flows,
Fell by Eliza, and by Anna roſe.

VERSES WRITTEN FOR THE TOASTING-GLASSES OF THE KIT-CAT-CLUB, 1703.

LADY CARLISLE.

CARLISLE's a name can ev'ry muſe inſpire,
To Carliſle fill the glaſs, and tune the lyre.
With his lov'd bays the god of day ſhall crown
A wit and luſtre equal to his own.

THE SAME.

At once the ſun and Carliſle took their way,
To warm the frozen north, and kindle day;
The flow'rs to both their glad creation ow'd,
Their virtues he, their beauties ſhe beſtow'd.

LADY ESSEX.

The braveſt hero, and the brighteſt dame
From Belgia's happy clime Britannia drew;
One pregnant cloud we find does often frame
The awful thunder, and the gentle dew.

THE SAME.

To Eſſex fill the ſprightly wine,
The health's engaging and divine:
Let pureſt odours ſcent the air,
And wreaths of roſes bind our hair.

In her chaſte lips theſe bluſhing lie,
And thoſe her gentle ſighs ſupply.

LADY HYDE

The god of wine grows jealous of his art,
He only fires the head, but Hyde the heart.
The queen of love looks on, and ſmiles to ſee
A nymph more mighty than a deity.

ON LADY HYDE IN CHILD-BED.

Hyde, tho' in agonies her graces keeps,
A thouſand charms the nymph's complaints adorn;
In tears of dew ſo mild Aurora weeps,
But her bright offſpring is the chearful morn.

LADY WHARTON.

When Jove to Ida did the gods invite,
And in immortal toaſting paſs'd the night,
With more than nectar he the banquet bleſs'd,
For Wharton was the Venus of the feaſt.

A SOLILOQUY OUT OF ITALIAN.

COU'D he whom my diſſembled rigour grieves,
But know what torment to my ſoul it gives;
He'd find how fondly I return his flame,
And want myſelf the pity he wou'd claim.
Immortal gods! why has your doom decreed
Two wounded hearts with equal pangs ſhou'd bleed?

Since that great law, which your tribunal guides,
Has join'd in love whom deſtiny divides;
Repent you pow'rs the injuries you cauſe,
Or change our natures, or reform your laws.
Unhappy partner of my killing pain,
Think what I feel the moment you complain.
Each ſigh you utter wounds my tend'reſt part,
So much my lips miſrepreſent my heart.
When from your eyes the falling drops diſtil,
My vital blood in every tear you ſpill:
And all thoſe mournful agonies I hear,
Are but the echos of my own deſpair.

AN IMITATION OF A FRENCH AUTHOR.

CAN you count the ſilver lights
That deck the ſkies, and chear the nights:
Or the leaves that ſtrow the vales,
When groves are ſtript by winter gales:
Or the drops that in the morn
Hang with tranſparent pearl the thorn.
Or bridegroom's joys, or miſer's cares,
Or gameſter's oaths, or hermit's pray'rs:
Or envy's pangs, or love's alarms,
Or Marlborough's acts or ———'s charms?

TO MR. GAY ON HIS POEMS.

WHEN Fame did o'er the ſpacious plain
The lays ſhe once had learn'd repeat:
All liſten'd to the tuneful ſtrains,
And wonder'd who could ſing ſo ſweet.

'Twas thus. The Graces held the lyre,
Th' harmonious frame the Muſes ſtrung,
The Loves and Smiles compos'd the choir,
And Gay tranſcrib'd what Phœbus ſung,

TO THE MERRY PORTASTER AT SADLERS-HALL IN CHEAPSIDE.

UNWIELDY pedant, let thy aukward muſe
With cenſures praiſe, with flatteries abuſe.
To laſh, and not be felt, in thee's an art;
Thou ne'er mad'ſt any, but thy ſchool boys, ſmart.
Then be advis'd and ſcribble not again;
Thou'rt faſhion'd for a flail, and not a pen.
If B——l's immortal wit thou woud'ſt deſcry,
Pretend 'tis he that writ thy poetry.
Thy feeble ſatire ne'er can do him wrong;
Thy poems and thy patients live not long.

EPITAPHIUM GEORGII COMITIS DE HUNTINGDON.

Hic ſitus eſt
Georgius comes de Huntingdon,
Præclara Haſtingorum proſapiâ
Natus;
Et nepte ex Plantagenettorum ſtemmate
Oriundus;
Literarum humaniorum cultor indefeſſus:
In aulâ ornatiſſimus;
In acie imperterritus;
Ubique probus.
Tanta fuit ei morum ſuavitas,

Cum gravitate comitas,
Cum fide urbanitas;
Haud quicquam cæteris commune habuit,
Niſi quod mori potuerit.
Tantus animi candor ingenitus
Ut tot numeraverit amicos,
Quot familiares.
Procul habuit mollitiem atque Inertiam,
Turpè exiſtimans,
Queis dignitate præſtitit,
Ab his virtute ſuperari.
Flagrante per Europam Bello,
Salutis publicæ quam ſuæ ſtudioſior,
Ad rem militarem exercendam
Se contulit.
Obſeſſis
Venolâ, Ruremondâ, Kaiſerwertâ,
Quæ fortiter, ſub duce Marlburgenſi, tentavit,
Feliciter perfecit;
Quorum tamen oblivionem maluit
Quam gloriam.

Obiit Kal. Mart. viii. Æræ Chriſtianæ CIↃDCCVI. Ætat. XXVI.

PROLOGUE DESIGNED FOR TAMERLANE.

TO-day a mighty hero comes to warm
Your curdling blood, and bid you, Britons, arm.
To valour much he owes, to virtue more;
He fights to ſave, and conquers to reſtore.

He ſtrains no texts, nor makes dragoons perſuade;
He likes religion, but he hates the trade.
Born for mankind, they by his labour live;
Their property is his prerogative.
His ſword deſtroys leſs than his mercy ſaves,
And none, except his paſſions, are his ſlaves.
Such, Britons, is the prince that you poſſeſs,
In council greateſt, and in camps no leſs!
Brave, but not cruel; wiſe without deceit;
Born for an age, curs'd with a Bajazet.
But you, diſdaining to be too ſecure,
Aſk his protection, and yet grudge his pow'r.
With you a monarch's right is in diſpute;
Who give ſupplies, are only abſolute.
Britons, for ſhame your factious feuds decline,
Too long you've labour'd for the Bourbon line:
Aſſert loſt rights, an Auſtrian prince alone
Is born to nod upon a Spaniſh throne.
A cauſe no leſs could on great Eugene call;
Steep Alpine rocks require an Hannibal:
He ſhows you your loſt honour to retrieve;
Our troops will fight, when once the ſenate give.
Quit your cabals and Factions, and in ſpite
Of whig and tory, in this cauſe unite.
One vote will then ſend Anjou back to France;
There let the meteor end his airy dance:
Elſe to the Mantuan ſoil he may repair,
E'en abdicated gods were Latium's care,
At worſt, he'll find ſome Corniſh borough here.

PROLOGUE TO THE MUSICK-MEETING IN YORK BUILDINGS.

WHERE muſic and more pow'rful beauties reign,
Who can ſupport the pleaſure, and the pain?
Here their ſoft magic thoſe two ſirens try,
And if we liſten, or but look, we die.
Why ſhould we then the wond'rous tales admire,
Of Orpheus' numbers, or Amphion's lyre?
Behold this ſcene of beauty, and confeſs
The wonder greater, and the fiction leſs.
Like human victims here we are decreed
To worſhip thoſe bright altars where we bleed.
Who braves his fate in fields, muſt tremble here;
Triumphant love more vaſſals makes than fear.
No faction, homage to the fair denies;
The right divine's apparent in their eyes.
That empire's fix'd, that's founded in deſire;
Thoſe fires the veſtals guard, can ne'er expire.

PROLOGUE TO THE CORNISH SQUIRE, A COMEDY.

WHO dares not plot in this good-natur'd age,
Each place is privileg'd except the ſtage;
There the dread phalanx of reformers come,
Sworn foes to wit, as Carthage was to Rome;
Their ears ſo ſanctify'd no ſcenes pleaſe,
But heavy hymns, or penſive homilies:
Truths, plainly told, their tender nature wound,
Young rakes, muſt like old patriarchs, expound;

The painted punk, the proſelyte muſt play,
And bawds, like filles devotes, procure and pray.
Now nature is inverted! Soon you'll ſee
Senates unanimous, and ſects agree,
Jews at extortion rail, and Monks at myſtery.
Let characters be repreſented true,
An airy ſinner makes an aukward prue.
With force and fitting freedom vice arraign;
Tho' pulpits flatter, let the ſtage ſpeak plain.
If Verres gripes the poor, or Nænius write,
Call that the robber, this the paraſite.
Ne'er aim to make an eagle of an owl,
Cinna's a ſtateſman, Sydrophel a tool.
Our cenſurers with want of thought diſpenſe,
But tremble at the hideous ſin of ſenſe.
Who wou'd not ſuch hard fate as ours bemoan?
Indicted for ſome wit, and damn'd for none.
But if, to day, ſome ſcandal ſhou'd appear,
Let thoſe preciſe Tartuffs bind o'er Moliere.
Poet, and papiſt too, they'll ſurely maul,
There's no indulgences at Hicks's-Hall.
Gold only can their pious ſpite allay,
They call none criminals that can but pay:
The heedleſs ſhrines, with victims they invoke,
They take the fat, and give the gods the ſmoke.

PROLOGUE SPOKEN AT THE OPENING OF THE QUEEN'S THEATRE IN THE HAYMARKET.

SUCH was our builder's art, that ſoon as nam'd,
This fabrick, like the infant-world, was fram'd.
The architect muſt on dull order wait,
But 'tis the poet only can create.
None elſe, at pleaſure, can duration give,
When marble fails, the muſes ſtructures live.
The Cyprian fane is now no longer ſeen,
Tho' ſacred to the name of love's fair queen.
Ev'n Athens ſcarce in pompous ruin ſtands,
Tho' finiſh'd by the learn'd Minerva's hands.
More ſure preſages from theſe walls we find,
By beauty founded, and by wit deſign'd.
In the good age of ghoſtly ignorance,
How did cathedrals riſe, and zeal advance?
The merry monks ſaid oriſons at eaſe,
Large were their meals, and light their penances;
Pardon for ſins was purchas'd with eſtates,
And none but rogues in rags dy'd reprobates.
But now that pious pageantry's no more,
And ſtages thrive, as churches did before.
Your own magnificence you here ſurvey,
Majeſtick columns ſtand where dunghills lay,
And carrs triumphal riſe from carts of hay.
Swains here are taught to hope, and nymphs to fear,
And big Almanzors fight mock Blenheims here.
Deſcending goddeſſes adorn our ſcenes,
And quit their bright abodes for gilt machines.

Shou'd Jove, for this fair circle, leave his throne,
He'd meet a lightning fiercer than his own.
Tho' to the ſun, his tow'ring eagles riſe,
They ſcarce cou'd bear the luſtre of theſe eyes.

EPILOGUE TO THE TRAGEDY OF CATO.

WHAT odd fantaſtic things we women do!
Who wou'd not liſten when young lovers woo?
What! die a maid, yet have the choice of two!
Ladies are often cruel to their coſt:
To give you pain, themſelves they puniſh moſt.
Vows of virginity ſhou'd well be weigh'd;
Too oft they're cancell'd, tho' in convents made.
Wou'd you revenge ſuch raſh reſolves—you may
Be ſpiteful—and believe the thing we ſay;
We hate you, when you're eaſily ſaid nay.
How needleſs, if you knew us, were your fears?
Let love have eyes, and beauty will have ears,
Our hearts are form'd, as you yourſelves would chooſe,
Too proud to aſk, too humble to refuſe:
We give to merit, and to wealth we ſell;
He ſighs with moſt ſucceſs that ſettles well.
The woes of wedlock with the joys we mix;
'Tis beſt repenting in a coach and ſix.
Blame not our conduct, ſince we but purſue
Thoſe lively leſſons we have learn'd from you;
Your breaſts no more the fire of beauty warms,
But wicked wealth uſurps the pow'r of charms.
What pains to get the gaudy thing you hate,
To ſwell in ſhow, and be a wretch in ſtate!

At plays you ogle, at the ring you bow;
Ev'n churches are no ſanctuaries now;
There golden idols all your vows receive;
She is no goddeſs who has nought to give.
Oh may once more the happy age appear,
When words were artleſs, and the thoughts ſincere;
When gold and grandeur were unenvy'd things,
And courts leſs coveted than groves and ſprings.
Love then ſhall only mourn when truth complains,
And conſtancy feel tranſport in its chains;
Sighs with ſucceſs their own ſoft anguiſh tell,
And eyes ſhall utter what the lips conceal:
Virtue again to its bright ſtation climb,
And beauty fear no enemy but time:
The fair ſhall liſten to deſert alone,
And every Lucia find a Cato's ſon.

PREFACE TO THE TRANSLATION OF OVID'S METAMORPHOSES, PUBLISHED BY THE AUTHOR.

THE method I propoſe in writing this preface, is to take notice of ſome of the beauties of the Metamorphoſes, and alſo of the faults, and particular affectations. After which, I ſhall proceed to hint at ſome rules for tranſlation in general; and ſhall give a ſhort account of the following verſion.

I ſhall not pretend to impoſe my opinion on others with the magiſterial authority of a critic; but only take the liberty of diſcovering my own taſte. I ſhall endeavour to ſhow our poet's redundance of wit, juſtneſs of compariſons, elegance of deſcriptions, and peculiar delicacy in touching every circumſtance relating to the paſſions and affections; and with the ſame impartiality, and frankneſs, I ſhall confeſs the too frequent puerilities of his luxuriant fancy, and the too great negligence of his ſometimes unlabour'd verſification.

I am not of an opinion, too common to tranſlators, to think that one is under an obligation to extol every thing he finds in the author he undertakes: I am ſure one is no more oblig'd to do ſo, than a painter is to make every face, that ſits to him, handſome. 'Tis enough if he ſets the beſt features he finds, in their full and moſt advantageous light. But if the poet has private deformities, tho' good breeding will not allow to expoſe him naked, yet ſurely there can be no reaſon to recommend him, as the moſt finiſh'd model of harmony and proportion.

Whoever has this undiſtinguiſhing complaiſance, will not fail to vitiate the taſte of their readers, and miſguide many of them in their judgment, where to approve, and where to cenſure.

It muſt be granted, that where there appears an infinite variety of inimitable excellencies, it would be too harſh, and diſingenuous to be ſevere on ſuch faults, as have eſcap'd rather thro' want of leiſure, and opportunity to correct, than thro' the erroneous turn of a deprav'd judgment. How ſenſible Ovid himſelf was of the uncorrectneſs of the Metamorphoſes, appears from theſe lines prefix'd before ſome of the editions by the care of his commentators.

Orba parente ſuo quicunque volumina tangis,
His ſaltem veſtrâ detur in urbe locus
Quóque magis faveas; non ſunt haec edita ab illo,
Sed quaſi de domini funere rapta ſui
Quicquid in his igitur vitii rude carmen habebit
Emendaturus, ſi licuiſſet, erat. Triſt. El. vi.

Since therefore the readers are not ſolemnly invited to an entertainment, but come accidentally; they ought to be contented with what they find: And pray what have they to complain of, but too great variety? where, tho' ſome of the diſhes be not ſerved in the exacteſt order and politeneſs, but haſh'd up in haſte; there are a great many accommodated to every particular palate.

To like every thing, ſhows too little delicacy, and to like nothing, too much difficulty. So great is the variety of this poem, that the reader, who is never pleas'd, will appear as monſtrous, as he that is always ſo. Here are the hurries of battles for the hero, tender emotions of ſoul for the lover, a

ſearch and penetration into nature for the philoſopher; fluency of numbers and moſt expreſſive figures for the poet; morals for the ſerious, and pleaſantries for admirers of points of wit.

'Tis certain a poet is more to be ſuſpected for ſaying too much, than too little. To add is often hazardous; but to retrench, commonly judicious. If our author, inſtead of ſaying all he could, had only ſaid all he ſhould; Daphne had done well to fly from the god of wit, in order to crown his poet: Thus Ovid had been more honour'd and ador'd in his exile, than Auguſtus in his triumphs.

I ſhall now attempt to give ſome inſtances of the happineſs and vaſt extent of our author's imagination. I ſhall not proceed according to the order of the poem, but rather tranſcribe ſome lines here and there, as my reflection ſhall ſuggeſt.

Nec circumfuſo pendebat in ære tellus
Ponderibus librata ſuis ———

Thus was the ſtate of nature before the creation: And here it is obvious, that Ovid had a diſcerning notion of the gravitation of bodies. 'Tis now demonſtrated, that every part of matter tends to every part of matter with a force, which is always in a direct ſimple proportion of the quantity of the matter, and an inverſe duplicate proportion of the diſtance; which tendency or gravitating is conſtant and univerſal. This power, whatever it be, acting always proportionably to the ſolid content of bodies, and neuer in any proportion to their ſuperficies, cannot be explain'd by any material impulſe. For the laws of impulſe are phyſically neceſſary: There can be no αὐτεξάσιον, or arbitrary principle, in meer

matter; its parts cannot move, unleſs they be mov'd; and cannot do otherwiſe, when preſs'd on by other parts in motion; and therefore 'tis evident from the following lines, that Ovid ſtrictly adher'd to the opinion of the diſcerning philoſophers, who taught that all things were form'd by a wiſe and intelligent mind.

Juſſit & extendi campos, ſubſidere valles,
Fronde tegi ſylvas ——

The Fiat of the Hebrew lawgiver is not more ſublime than the Juſſit of the Latin poet, who goes on in the ſame elevated and philoſophical ſtyle.

His ſuper impoſuit liquidum & gravitate carentem
Æthera ——

Here the author ſpreads a thin veil of Æther over his infant creation; and tho' his aſſerting the upper region to be void of gravitation, may not, in a mathematical rigor, be true; yet 'tis found from the natural enquiries made ſince, and eſpecially from the learned dr. Halley's diſcourſe on the Barometer, that if, on the ſurface of the earth, an inch of quickſilver in the tube be equal to a cylinder of air of 300 feet, it will be at a mile's height equal to a cylinder of air of 2700000: and therefore the air at ſo great a diſtance from the earth, muſt be rarify'd to ſo great a degree, that the ſpace it fills, muſt bear a very ſmall proportion to that which is intirely void of matter.

I think, we may be confident from what already appears, as well as from what our author has writ on the Roman feaſts, that he cou'd not be totally ignorant of aſtronomy.

Some of the criticks won'd inſinuate from the following lines, that he miſtook the annual motion of the ſun for the diurnal.

Sectus in obliquum—— —— Met. B. 2.

Though the ſun be always in one or other of the ſigns of the Zodiack, and never goes by either motion more northward or ſouthward, than is here deſcrib'd; yet Phaeton being deſign'd to drive the chariot but one day, ought to have been directed in the Æquator, or a circle parallel to it, and not round the other oblique one of the ecliptick: a degree of which, and that by a motion contrary to the diurnal, he was obliged to go in that length of time.

I am inclin'd to think, that Ovid had ſo great an attention to poetical embelliſhments, that he voluntarily declin'd a ſtrict obſervance of any aſtronomical ſyſtem. For tho' that ſcience was far from being neglected in former ages; yet the progreſs which was made in it, by no means equall'd that of our preſent time.

Lucretius, tho' in other things moſt penetrating, deſcribes the ſun ſcarce bigger, than he appears to the eye.

Nec nimio ſolis major rota, nec minor ardor
Eſſe poteſt, noſtris quam ſenſibus eſſe videtur.

And Homer, imagining the ſeats of the gods above the fix'd ſtars, repreſents the falling of Vulcan from thence to the iſle of Lemnos, to continue during a whole day.

Πᾶν δ' ἦμαρ φερόμην, ἅμα δ' ἠελίῳ καταδύντι
Κάππεσον ἐν Λήμνῳ —— Il. B. 1.

The Greek poet aims here to give a ſurprizing idea of the height of the celeſtial manſions: but if the computation of a modern aſtronomer be true, they are at ſo much a greater diſtance, that Vulcan wou'd have been more years in falling, than he was minutes.

But leſt I ſhou'd exceed the uſual length of a preface, I ſhall now give ſome inſtances of the propriety of our author's ſimilies, and epithets; the perſpicuity of his allegories; the inſtructive excellence of the morals; the peculiar happy turn of his fancy; and ſhall begin with the elegance of his deſcriptions.

——Madidis notus evolat alis,
Terribilem piceâ tectus caligine vultum.
Barba gravis nimbis, canis fluit unda capillis,
Fronte ſedent nebulæ, rorant pennæque, ſinuſque.
- -
Sternuntur ſegetes, & deplorata coloni
Vota jacent, longique labor perit irritus anni.

Met. B. 1.

Theſe lines introduce thoſe of the deluge, which are alſo very poetical, and worthy to be compar'd with the next concerning the golden age.

——Sine militis uſu
Mollia ſecuræ peragebant otia gentes.
Ipſa quoque immunis raſtroque intacta nec ullis
Saucia vomeribus, per ſe dabat omnia tellus.
Contentique cibis, nullo cogente, creatis,
Arbuteos fœtus, montanaque fraga legebant,
Et quæ deciderant patulâ Jovis arbore glandes.

Ver erat æternum, placidique tepentibus auris
Mulcebant Zephyri natos ſine ſemine flores.

Virgil has alſo touch'd upon the ſame ſubject in the end of the ſecond Georgick.

Aureus hanc vitam in terris Saturnus agebat,
Nec dum etiam audierant inflati claſſica, nec dum
Impoſitos duris crepitare incudibus enſes.

And again,

Primus ab æthereo venit Saturnus Olympo
- -
Aurea, quæ perhibent, illo ſub rege fuerunt
Sæcula: ſic placidâ populos in pace regebat.
Æn. B. 8. l. 319.

Some of the lines, a little foreign to the preſent ſubject, are omitted; but I ſhall make the moſt admirable author amends by tranſcribing at length his next deſcription. 'Tis of a ſtag, which gave the firſt occaſion to the war betwixt the Trojans and the Rutulians: I chooſe this, becauſe my deſign is to have theſe two great poets ſeen together, where the ſubject happens to be almoſt the ſame, tho' the nature of the poems be very different.

Cervus erat formâ præſtanti, & cornibus ingens,
Tyrrheidæ pueri quem matris ab ubere raptum
Nutribant, tyrrheuſque pater, cui regia parent
Armenta, & latè cuſtodia credita campi.
Aſſuetum imperiis ſoror omni Sylvia curâ

Mollibus intexens ornabat cornua ſertis:
Pectebatque ferum, puroque in fonte lavabat.
Ille manûm patiens, menſæque aſſuetus herili
Errabat ſylvis——— Æn. B. 7. l. 483.

The image which Ovid gives of the favourite ſtag ſlain accidentally by Cypariſſus, ſeems not of leſs dignity.

Ingens cervus erat, latéque patentibus altas
Ipſe ſuo capiti præbebat cornibus umbras:
Cornua fulgebant auro, demiſſaque in armos
Pendebant tereti gemmata monilia collo.
Bulla ſuper frontem parvis argentea loris
Vincta movebatur: parilique ex ære nitebant
Auribus in geminis circum cava tempora baccæ.
Iſque metu vacuus, naturalique pavore
Depoſito, celebrare domos, mulcendaque colla
Quamlibet ignotis manibus præbere ſolebat.
Gratus erat Cypariſſe tibi, tu pabula cervum
Ad nova, tu liquidi ducebas fontis ad undam.
- -
Tu modo texebas varios per cornua flores:
Nunc, eques in tergo reſidens, huc latus & illuc
Mollia purpureis frænabas ora capiſtris.

In the following lines, Ovid deſcribes the watry court of the river Peneus, which the reader may compare with Virgil's ſubterranean grott of Cyrene the Naïad, mother to Ariſtæus.

Eſt næmus Hæmoniæ, prærupta quod undique claudit
Silva: vocant Tempe, per quæ Penēus ab imo.

Effuſus Pindo ſpumoſis volvitur undis:
Dejectuque gravi tenues agitantia fumos
Nubila conducit, ſummaſque aſpergine ſylvas
Impluit, & ſonitu plus quam vicina fatigat.
Hæc domus, hæ ſedes, hæc ſunt penetralia magni
Amnis: in hoc reſidens facto de cautibus antro
Undis jura dabat, nymphiſque colentibus undas,
Conveniunt illuc popularia flumina primum,
Neſcia gratentur, conſolentúrve parentem,
Populifer Sperchēos, & irrequietus Enipeus,
Eridanuſque ſenex, leniſque Amphryſos, & Æas:
Moxque amnes alii, qui, qua tulit impetus illos,
In mare deducunt feſſas erroribus undas. Met. B. 1.

Triſtis Ariſtæus Penei genitoris ad undam
Stat lacrymans ——— ———
- -
Jamque domum mirans genetricis, & humida regna,
Speluncíſque lacus clauſos, lucoſque ſonantes,
Ibat; & ingenti motu ſtupefactus aquarum,
Omnia ſub magnâ labentia flumine terrâ
Spectabat diverſa locis, Phaſimque, Lycumque,
Et caput, unde altus primum ſe erumpit Enipeus,
Unde pater Tiberinus, & unde Aniena fluenta,
Et gemina auratus taurino cornua vultu
Eridanus, quo non alius per pinguia culta
In mare purpureum violentior influit amnis.
Georg. B. 4.

The divine poet goes on in pomp of numbers and eaſy magnificence of words, 'till he introduces the ſtory of Orpheus and Eurydice; in the narration of which, he is as

much ſuperior to Ovid, as the reeds of his own Mantuan ſhepherds are leſs muſical, than the lyre of Orpheus.

That I may not be too long on this article, I ſhall recommend to the reader Ovid's admirable deſcription of ſleep.

——Eſt prope cimmerios—— Met. B. 11.

That of hunger,

——Eſt locus extremis Scythiæ —— B. 8.

That of the plague,

——Dira lues—— B. 7.

That of fame,

——Orbe locus medio eſt —— B. 12.

Virgil has alſo touch'd on the two laſt; in the one he had Lucretius in view; in the other Homer: and I think it will not be to the diſadvantage of our author to appear at the ſame time.

There are many other deſcriptions ſcatter'd in the Metamorphoſis, which for juſt expreſſion of nature, and majeſtick modulation of words, are only inferior to theſe already tranſcrib'd, as they are ſhorter; which makes the objection, that his diction is commonly loitering into proſe, a great deal too ſevere.

The Metamorphoſis muſt be conſider'd, as is obſerv'd before, very uncorrect; and Virgil's works as finiſh'd: tho'

his own modeſty would not allow the Æneids to be ſo. It ſeems it was harder for him to pleaſe himſelf, than his readers. His judgment was certainly great, nor was his vivacity of imagination leſs; for the firſt without the laſt is too heavy, and like a dreſs without fancy; and the laſt without the firſt is too gay, and but all trimming.

Our author's ſimilitudes are next to be conſider'd, which are always remarkably ſhort, and convey ſome pleaſing idea to the imagination. 'Tis in this branch of the poem, that he has diſcover'd as juſt a judgment, as any of the claſſicks whatever. Poets to give a looſe to a warm fancy, are generally too apt, not only to expatiate in their ſimilies, but introduce them too frequently; by doing the firſt, they detain the attention too long from the principal narration; and by the latter, they make too frequent breaches in the unity of the poem.

Theſe two errors Ovid has moſt diſcerningly avoided. How ſhort, and ſignificant are generally his compariſons! he fails not, in theſe, to keep a ſtiff rein on a high-mettled Pegaſus; and takes care not to ſurfeit here, as he had done on other heads, by an erroneous abundance.

His ſimilies are thicker ſown by much in the fable of Salmacis and Hermaphroditus, than in any other book, but always ſhort.

The nymph claſps the youth cloſe to her breaſt, and both inſenſibly grow one.

——Velut ſi quis conducto cortice ramos
Creſcendo jungi, pariterque adoleſcere cernat.
Met. B. 4.

Again, as Atalanta reddens in the race with Hippomenes.

Inque puellari corpus candore ruborem
Traxerat: haud aliter quam cum ſuper atria velum
Candida purpureum ſimulatas inficit umbras.
Met. B. 10.

Philomela's tongue ſeem'd to move after it was cut out by Tereus.

Utque ſalire ſolet mutilatæ cauda colubræ,
Palpitat———— Met. B. 6.

Cadmus ſows the dragon's teeth, and the ſons of the earth riſe gradually.

Inde fide majus glebæ cepêre moveri:
Primaque de ſulcis acies apparuit haſtæ;
Tegmina mox capitum picto nutantia cono,
Mox humeri, pectuſque———
Sic ubi tolluntur feſtis aulæa theatris
Surgere ſigna ſolent, primumque oſtendere vultum,
Cætera paulatim, placedoque educta tenore
Tota patent, imoque pedes in margine ponunt.
Met. B. 3.

The objection to Ovid, that he never knows when to give over, is too manifeſt. Tho' he frequently expatiates on the ſame thought in different words; yet in his ſimilies, that exuberance is avoided. There is in them all, a ſimplicity, and a confinement to the preſent object; always a fecundity

of fancy, but rarely an intemperance: nor do I remember he has err'd above once by an ill-judg'd ſuperfluity. After he has deſcrib'd the labyrinth built by Dædalus, he compares it thus,

> Non ſecus ac liquidus Phrygiis Mæandros in arvis
> Ludit, & ambiguo lapſu refluitque fluitque;
> Et nunc ad fontes, nunc ad mare verſus apertum
> Incertus exercet aquas —— —— Met. B. 8.

He ſhould have ended at the cloſe of the ſecond line, as Virgil ſhould have done at the end of the fourth in his noble ſimile, where Dido proceeds to the temple with her court about her.

> Qualis in Eurotæ ripis, aut per juga Cynthi
> Exercet Diana choros, quam mille ſecutæ
> Hinc, atque hinc glomerantur Oreades, illa pharetram
> Fert humero, gradienſque Deas ſupereminet omnes:
> Latonæ tacitum pertentant gaudia pectus. Æn. B. 4.

I ſee no reaſon for the laſt line: Tho' the poet be juſtly celebrated for a moſt conſummate judgment, yet by an endeavour to imitate Homer's ſimilies, he is not only very long, but by introducing ſeveral circumſtances, he fails of an applicable relation betwixt the principal ſubject and his new ideas. He ſometimes thinks fit to work into the piece ſome differing embroidery, which, tho' very rich, yet makes at beſt but glorious patch-work. I really believe his excellent poem had not been the leſs ſo, if, in this article, he had thought fit to have walk'd on in his own regular and majeſ-

tick grace, rather than have been hurry'd forward through broken by-ways by his blind guide.

I ſhall tranſcribe one of his ſimilies which is not cull'd out, but exactly of the ſame texture with all the reſt in the four laſt books of the Æneids.

Turnus leaps in fury from his chariot.

Ac veluti montis ſaxum de vertice præceps
Cum ruit avulſum vento, ſeu turbidus imber
Proluit, aut annis ſolvit ſubłapſa vetuſtas,
Fertur in abruptum magno mons improbus actu,
Exultatque ſolo, ſylvas, armenta, viroſque
Involvens ſecum——— Æn. B. 12. l. 684.

It does not ſeem to be at all material, whether the rock was blown or waſh'd down by wind or rain, or undermin'd by time.

But to return to Ovid; the reader may take notice how unforc'd his compliments, and how natural his tranſitions generally are. With how much eaſe does he ſlide into ſome new circumſtance, without any violation of the unity of the ſtory! The texture is ſo artful, that it may be compar'd to the work of his own Arachne, where the ſhade dies ſo gradually, and the light revives ſo imperceptibly, that it is hard to tell where the one ceaſes, and the other begins.

When he is going off from the ſtory of Apollo and Daphne: how happily does he introduce a compliment to the Roman conquerors!

———Et conjux quoniam mea non potes eſſe
Arbor eris certè———

Tu Ducibus lœtis aderis, cum læta triumphum
Vox canet, & longæ viſent Capitolia pompæ.
Poſtibus Auguſtis eadem fidiſſima cuſtos
Ante fores ſtabis: mediamque tuebere quaercum.
Met. B. 1.

He compliments Auguſtus upon the aſſignation of Julius; and, by way of ſimilie, takes the opportunity from the horror that the barbarity of Lycaon gave.

——— Sic cum manus impia ſævit
Sanguine Cæſareo Romanum extinguere nomen, &c.

Julius is deify'd, and looks down on his adopted ſon.

——Natique videns benefacta, fatetur
Eſſe ſuis majora, & vinci gaudet ab illo.
Met. B. 15.

And immediately follows,

Hic ſua præferri quanquam vetat acta paternis,
Libera fama tamen, nulliuſque obnoxia juſſis
Invitum præfert———

The author in the two firſt lines ſhows the affectionate condeſcenſion of the father; in the three laſt, the pious gratitude of the ſon.

The compliments to Auguſtus are very frequent in the laſt book of the Metamorphoſes; as thoſe to the ſame emperor are in the Georgicks of Virgil, which alſo ſtrike the imagination by their agreeable flattery.

Hæc ſuper arvorum cultu, pecorumque canebam,
Et ſuper arboribus; Cæſar dum magnus ad altum
Fulminat Euphratem bello, victorque volentes
Per populos dat jura, viamque affectat Olympo.
Georg. 1.

Again on Julius,

Imperium Oceano, famam qui terminet aſtris
Julius———— Æn. B. 1.

The compliments have a great ſublimity and are worthy of the grandeur of the heroes, and the wit of the poet.

Ovid as much deſerves praiſe for ſaying a great deal in a little, as cenſure for ſaying a little in a great deal. None of the claſſic poets had the talent of expreſſing himſelf with more force and perſpicuity.

Phaeton deſires ſome pledge of his father's tenderneſs, and aſks to be truſted with his chariot. He anſwers,

Pignora certa petis; do pignora certa timendo.
Met. B. 2.

However, the latter complies with his importunity; the conſequence is fatal, the world is ſet on fire, even the rivers feel the force of the conflagration. The Tagus boils,

——— Fluit ignibus Aurum.

The Nile retreats,

Occuluitque caput, quod adhuc latet ———

Xanthus is parch'd up,

Arſuruſque iterum Xanthus ——

The poet's fancy is here full of energy, as well as in the following lines. Apollo courts Daphne, and promiſes himſelf ſucceſs, but is diſappointed.

Quodque cupit, ſperat; ſuaque illum Oracula fallunt,

And again,

The river Achelous combats Hercules, and aſſumes ſeveral ſhapes in vain, then puts on at laſt that of a ſnake; the hero ſmiles in contempt.

Cunarum labor eſt angues ſuperare mearum.

Ovid never excels himſelf ſo much, as when he takes occaſion to touch upon the paſſion of love; all hearts are in a manner ſenſible of the ſame emotions; and, like inſtruments tun'd uniſons, if a ſtring of any one of them be ſtruck, the reſt by conſent vibrate.

Procris is jealous of Cephalus; ſhe endeavours to be confirm'd in her fears, but hopes the contrary,

—— Speratque miſerrima falli.

The next is not leſs natural,

—— Sed cuncta timemus amantes.

Byblis is in love with Caunus. The ſtruggle is betwixt her unlawful flame and her honour.

She's all confuſion at the thoughts of diſcovering her paſſion——

——miſerere fatentis amorem.

She attempts to write,

Incipit & dubitat ſcribit, damnatque tabellas,
Et notat, & delet: mutat, culpatque probatque.

In the end, inclination, as it does always, gets the better of diſcretion.

This laſt fable ſhows how touchingly the poet argues in love affairs, as well as thoſe of Medea and Scylla. The two laſt are left by their heroes, and their reflections are very natural and affecting. Ovid ſeem'd here to have had Virgil's paſſion of Dido in his eye, but with this difference; the one had convers'd much with ladies, and knew they lov'd to talk a great deal: The other conſider'd no leſs, what was natural for them to ſay, than what became them to ſay.

Virgil has, through the whole management of this Rencounter, diſcover'd a moſt finiſh'd judgment. Æneas, like other men, likes for convenience, and leaves for greater. Dido, like other ladies, reſents the neglect, enumerates the obligations the lover is under, upbraids him with ingratitude, threatens him with revenge, then by and by ſubmits, begs for compaſſion, and has recourſe to tears.

It appears from this piece, that Virgil was a diſcerning maſter in the paſſion of love: And they that conſider the

ſpirit and turn of that inimitable line — Qui Bavium non odit — cannot doubt but he had an equal talent for ſatyr.

Nor does the genius of Ovid more exert on the ſubject of love, than on all others. In the contention of Ajax, Ulyſſes his elocution is moſt nervous, and perſuading. Where he endeavours to diſſuade mankind from carnivorous appetites in his Pythagorean philoſophy, how emphatical is his reaſoning!

> Quid meruêre boves, animal ſine fraude, doliſque,
> Innocuum, ſimplex, natum tolerare laborem?
> Immemor eſt demum, nec frugum munere dignus
> Qui potuit curvi dempto modò pondere aratri
> Ruricolam mactare ſuum— Met. B. 15.

I think Agricolam had been ſtronger, but the authority of manuſcripts does not warrant that emendation.

Through the whole texture of this work, Ovid diſcovers the higheſt humanity, and a moſt exceeding good nature. The virtuous in diſtreſs are always his concern; and his wit contrives to give them an immortality with himſelf.

He ſeems to have taken the moſt pains in the firſt and ſecond book of the Metamorphoſes, though the thirteenth abounds with ſentiments moſt moving, and with calamitous incidents, introduc'd with great art. The poet had here in view the tragedy of Hecuba in Euripides; and 'tis a wonder, it has never been attempted in our own tongue. The houſe of Priam is deſtroy'd, his royal daughter a ſacrifice to the Manes of him that occaſion'd it. She is forc'd from the arms of her unhappy friends, and hurry'd to the altar, where ſhe behaves herſelf with a decency becoming her ſex, and a

magnanimity equal to her blood, and ſo very affecting, that even the prieſt wept.

——— Ipſe etiam flens, invituſque ſacerdos, &c.

She ſhows no concern at approaching death, but on the account of her old, unfortunate mother.

Mors tantum vellem matrem mea fallere poſſit.
Mater obeſt, minuitque necis mea gaudia; quamvis
Non mea mors illi, verum ſua vita gemenda eſt.

Then begs her body may be deliver'd to her without ranſom,

———Genetrici corpus inemptum
Reddite; néve auro redimat jus triſte ſepulchri,
Sed lacrymis: tunc, cum poterat, redimebat & auro.

The unhappy queen laments ſhe is not able to give her daughter royal burial,

Non hæc eſt fortuna domûs———

Then takes the body in her decrepid arms, and halts to the ſea to waſh off the blood.

———Ad littus paſſu proceſſit anili
Albentes laniata comas———

The animated thoughts and lively images of this poem, are numerous. None ever painted more to the life, than

our author, tho' ſeveral groteſque figures are now and then ſeen in the ſame groupe. The moſt plentiful ſeaſon that gives birth to the fineſt flowers, produces alſo the rankeſt weeds. Ovid has ſhewn in one line, the brighteſt fancy, ſometimes; and in the next, the pooreſt affectation.

Venus makes court to Adonis,

——Et ecce!
Opportuna ſuâ blanditur Populus umbrâ;
Et requievit humo; preſſitque & gramen & ipſum.
Met. B. 10. l. 556.

Phœbus requeſts Phaeton to deſiſt from his requeſt.

——Conſiliis, non curribus utere noſtris.

Cœneus in the battle of the Centaurs wounds Latreus in ſeveral places.

——Vulnuſque in vulnere fecit.

Theſe are ſome of our poet's boyiſms. There is another affectation, call'd by Quintilian Ὀξύμωρον, or a witty folly, which would not have appear'd quite ſo trifling, had it been leſs frequent.

Medea perſuades the daughters of Pelias to kill their father, in order to have his youth renew'd. She, that loves him beſt, gives the firſt wound.

Et, ne ſit ſcelerata, facit ſcelus—— Met. B. 7.

Althea is enrag'd at her ſon Meleager, and to do juſtice to the Manes of her brothers, deſtroys him.

Impietate pia eſt——

Envy enters Athens, and beholds the flouriſhing condition of the city,

Vixque tenet lacrymas, quia nil lacrymabile cernit.

Ovid was much too fond of ſuch witticiſms, which are more to be wonder'd at, becauſe they were not the faſhion of that age, as puns and quibbles are of this. Virgil, as I remember, is not found trifling in this manner above once or twice.

Deucalion vacuum lapides jactavit in orbem,
Unde homines nati, durum genus——
Georg. 1. l. 63.

Juno is in indignation at Æneas upon his arrival in Italy.

Num capti potuere capi? num incenſa cremavit
Troja viros?—— Æn. 7. l. 295.

The poet is ſo far from affecting this ſort of wit, that he rarely ventures on ſo ſpirited a turn of fancy, as in theſe following inſtances.

Juno upbraids Venus and Cupid, ironically, that two deities could be able to get the better of one weak woman.

——Memorabile nomen,
Una dolo Divum ſi fœmina victa duorum eſt.
Æn. 4. l. 95.

Euryalus, going upon an enterpriſe, expreſſes his concern for his ſurviving mother, if he ſhould fall, and recommends her to the care of Aſcanius, who anſwers,

Namque erit iſta mihi genitrix, nomenque Creüſæ
Solum defuerit———

Venus is importunate in her ſolicitations to Vulcan, to make armour for her ſon: He anſwers,

——— Abſiſte precando
Viribus indubitare tuis——— Æn. 7.

At the firſt kindling of Dido's paſſion, he has this moſt natural thought,

——— Illum abſens abſentem auditque videtque.

But to return to Ovid; tho' I cannot vindicate him for his points, I ſhall endeavour to mollify his criticks, when they give him no quarter for his diction, and attack him ſo inflexibly for ending his lines with monoſyllables, as——ſi quis ——ſi non, &c. and as I think he cannot be excus'd more advantageouſly, than by affirming, that where he has done it once, Virgil has twenty times.

——— & cum G. 1.
——— ſi quis G. 2.

——nec dum	G. 2.
——ſi quem	Æn. 1.
——ſi quis	Æn. 7.
——jam bos	Æn. 12.
——nunc nunc—— &c.	

There are a great many endings of lines in this manner, and more indeed than ſeems conſiſtent with the majeſty of heroic verſe. When lines are deſign'd to be ſermoni propiores, this liberty may be allowable, but not ſo when the ſubject requires more ſonorous numbers. Virgil ſeems to endeavour to keep up his verſification to an harmonious dignity; and therefore, when fit words do not offer with ſome eaſe, he'll rather break off in an hemiſtich, than that the line ſhou'd be lazy and languid. He well knew, how eſſential it was in poetry to flatter the ear; and at the ſame time was ſenſible, that this organ grows tir'd by a conſtant attention to the ſame harmony; and therefore he endeavour'd now and then to relieve it by a cadence of pauſes, and a variation of meaſures.

Amphion Dircæus in Actæo Aracintho. Ecl. 2

This line ſeems not tuneful at the firſt hearing; but by repetition, it reconciles itſelf, and has the ſame effect with ſome compoſitions of muſick, which are at the firſt performance tireſome, and afterwards entertaining.

The commentators and criticks are of opinion, that whenſoever Virgil is leſs muſical, it is where he endeavours at an agreement of the ſound with the ſenſe, as,

——Procumbit humi bos.

It would ſhow as much ſingularity to deny this, as it does a fanciful facility to affirm it, becauſe it is obvious, in many places he had no ſuch view.

——Inventa ſub illicibus ſus. Æn. 3. l. 390.
——Denteſque Sabellicus exacuit ſus. Georg. 3. l. 255.
——Jam ſetis obſita, jam bos. Æn. 7. l. 790.
——Furor addictus, inde lupi ceu, &c. Æn. 11. l. 355.

The places which favour moſt the firſt opinion, are

Saxa per & ſcopulos & depreſſas convallies. Georg. 3. l. 275.

——Sæpe exiguus mus.
Omnia ſub magnâ labentia flumina terrâ. Georg. 4.

The laſt line is the only inſtance I remember (except one in Ecl. 2.) where the words terminate in the ſame vowel, and ſeem to repreſent the conſtant and uniform ſound of a ſliding ſtream.

Thoſe that are converſant in claſſick poetry, muſt be ſenſible, that Virgil has been much more ſolicitous, than Ovid, to keep up his lines to an eaſy and a muſical flow; but tho' the critics charge the latter with breaking through Proſody and Grammar, and allowing himſelf too often the licence of græciſms; I take this cenſure to be only an arrogant pedantry in the grammarians, and groundleſs in itſelf; but tho' it were true, I dare be confident it is full as juſt upon Virgil,

——Curru ſubjungere Tigres, Ecl. 5. l. 29.

for Currui, according to the grammarians.

Often adjectives for adverbs; and the contrary.

G. 1.——Pinguia culta; an adjective for a ſubſtantive.

——Denſo diſtinguere pingui; the ſame.

Æn. 11. l. 69.——Seu languentis Hyacinthi; firſt foot of the dactyl ſhort,

Æn. 4.——Tulerunt faſtidia menſes; the penultima of the verb ſhort.

Obſtupuî ſteteruntque comæ——the ſame.

So Lucretius, prodiderunt, reciderunt, &c.

G. 2. l. 5.——Pampineo gravidas autumno, an iambick for a ſpondee.

Fluviorum rex Eridanus campoſque per omnes; an antepeſt for a dactyl, or a ſpondee.

Æn. 10. l. 29. Nec Clytio genitore minor nec fratre Mneſtheo; a trochee, unleſs the two conſonants M N of the following word be allow'd.

G. 1. l. 456. Fervere, non illâ quiſquam—

The penultima commonly ſhort with Virgil, ſo fulgere, ſtridere, &c.

Æn. 12. l. 680.——Sine me furere ante furorem; a græciſm.

G. 1. l. 281.——Imponere Pelio Oſſam; a græciſm, where there is no eliſion, but the long vowel before another made ſhort.

The learned and reverend Dr. Clark has obſerv'd, (as he tells me) that tho' there be ſeveral ſhort vowels made long in Homer, yet there is no inſtance on the contrary, of any long vowel (ſuch as the firſt ſyllable of τιμὴ, ψυχὴ, νίκη, and the like) ever made ſhort, where no vowel follows. Which ſhows that there is no ſuch thing as a Poetica licentia, properly ſo call'd.

Certainly no body can imagine but theſe two celebrated authors underſtood their own tongue, better than the ſcrupulous grammarians of after-ages, who are too dogmatical and ſelf-ſufficient, when they preſume to cenſure either of them for not attending ſtrictly enough to ſyntax, and the meaſure of verſe. The Latin tongue is a dead language, and none can decide with confidence on the harmony, or diſſonance of the numbers of theſe times, unleſs they were thoroughly acquainted with their pauſes, and cadence. They may indeed pronounce with much more aſſurance on their diction; and diſtinguiſh where they have been negligent, and where more finiſh'd. There are certainly many lines in Ovid, where he has been downright lazy, and where he might have avoided the appearance of being obviouſly ſo, by a very little application. In recording the ſucceſſion of the Alban kings, thus,

Epitus ex illo eſt, poſt hunc Capetuſque; Capyſque,
Sed Capys ante fuit——

There are alſo ſeveral lines in Virgil, which are not altogether tunable to a modern ear, and which appear unfiniſh'd.

Scilicet omnibus eſt labor impendendus, & omnes
Cogendæ in ſulcum—— G. 2. l. 61.

Præſertim ſi tempeſtas à vertice ſylvis
Incubuit—— G. 2. l. 319.

Quaſve referre parem? ſed nunc, eſt omnia quando
Iſte animus ſupra—— Æn. 11. l. 508.

Iſta quidem quia nota mihi tua, magne, voluntas,
Jupiter—— Æn. 12. l. 108.

But the ſun has its ſpots; and if amongſt thouſands of inimitable lines, there ſhou'd be ſome found of an unequal dignity with the reſt, nothing can be ſaid for their vindication more, than, if they be faults, they are the faults of Virgil.

As I ought to be on this occaſion an advocate for Ovid, who, I think, is too much run down at preſent by the critical ſpirit of this nation; I dare ſay, I cannot be more effectually ſo, than by comparing him in many places with his admir'd contemporary Virgil; and tho' the laſt certainly deſerves the palm, I ſhall make uſe of Ovid's own lines, in the trial of ſtrength betwixt Acheloüs and Hercules, to ſhow how much he is honour'd by the contention.

——Non tam
Turpe fuit vinci, quam contendiſſe decorum.
Met. B. 9.

I ſhall finiſh my remarks on our author, by taking notice of the juſtneſs and perſpicuity of his allegories; which are either phyſical or natural, moral or hiſtorical. Of the firſt kind is the fable of Apollo and Python; in the explanation of this, all the Mythologiſts agree; exhalations and miſts, being the conſtant effects of inundations, are here diſſipated by the rays of the ſun.

Of the ſecond kind, are Actæon torn to pieces by his own pack of dogs, and Eriſichthon ſtarv'd by the diſeaſe of hunger. Theſe two allegories ſeem to ſignify, that extravagance and luxury end in want.

Of the third, is the ſtory of the rape of Europa. Hiſtory ſays, ſhe was daughter to Agenor, and carry'd by the Candians in a galley, bearing a bull in the ſtern, in order to be marry'd to one of their kings nam'd Jupiter.

This explanation gives an occaſion for a digreſſion which is not altogether foreign to the preſent purpoſe, becauſe it will be of uſe to juſtify Ovid on ſome other occaſions, where he is cenſured for being too free with the characters of the gods. I was once repreſenting the Metamorphoſes, as an excellent ſyſtem of morality; but an illuſtrious lady, whoſe leaſt advantage above her ſex, is that of being one of the greateſt princeſſes in Europe, objected that the looſe and immodeſt ſallies of Jupiter, did by no means confirm my aſſertion.

One muſt conſider, that what appear'd an abſurdity in Ovid, is not ſo much his own fault, as that of the times before him. The characters of the gods of the old heroick

age, repreſented them unjuſt in their actions; mutable in their deſigns; partial in their favours; ignorant of events; ſcurrilous in their language. Some of the ſuperior hierarchy; treating one another with injurious brutalities, and are often guilty of ſuch indecencies and miſbehaviour as the loweſt mortals would bluſh to own. Juno calls Diana the goddeſs of chaſtity, κύον ἀδδεὲς, brazen-fac'd bitch; Hom. Il. B. 21. l. 481. Jupiter inſults his daughter, the goddeſs of wiſdom, for raſhneſs and folly; bids Iris tell her, he'll maul her coach-horſes for her like a ſurly bitch as ſhe is; ἀνοτάτη κύον: Il. B. 8. from l. 400. to l. 425. then threatens in another place to beat his wife, that divine vixen, the immortal partner of the empyreal throne, καί σε πλαγξιν ἰμάσσω. Il. B. 15. l. 17.

The commentators may endeavour to hide thoſe abſurdities under the veil of allegories; but the reader that conſiders the whole texture of the Iliad, will find, that the author's meaning, and their interpretation are often as unlike, as the imaginary heroes of his time, are to the real ones of ours.

Allegories ſhould be obvious, and not like meteors in the air, which repreſent a different figure to every different eye. Now they are armies of ſoldiers; now flocks of ſheep; and by and by nothing.

Perhaps the criticks of a more exalted taſte, may diſcover ſuch beauties in the antient poetry, as may eſcape the comprehenſion of us pygmies of a more limited genius. They may be able to fathom the divine ſenſe of the pagan theology; whilſt we aim at no more, than to judge of a little common ſenſe.

It is, and ever will be a rule to a great many, to applaud and condemn with the general vogue, tho' never ſo ill ground-

ed. The moſt are afraid of being particular; and rather than ſtrive againſt the ſtream, are proud of being in the wrong with the many, rather than deſirous of being in the right with the few: And tho' they be convinced of the reaſonableneſs of diſſenting from the common cry, yet out of a poor fear of cenſure, they contribute to eſtabliſh it, and thus become an authority againſt others, who are in reality but of their own opinion.

Ovid was ſo far from paying a blind deference to the venerable name of his Grecian predeceſſor, in the character of his Gods; that when Jupiter puniſhes Andromeda for the crimes of her mother, he calls him injuſtus Ammon, Met. B. 4. and takes commonly an honourable care of the decorum of the Godhead, when their actions are conſiſtent with the divinity of their character. His allegories include ſome religious or inſtructive moral, wrapped in a peculiar perſpicuity. The fable of Proſerpina being ſometimes in hell, and ſometimes with Ceres her mother, can ſcarce mean any thing elſe than the ſowing and coming up of corn. The various dreſſes that Vertumnus, the God of ſeaſons, puts on in his courtſhip of Pomona the garden Goddeſs, ſeem plainly to expreſs the different and moſt proper times for digging, planting, pruning, and gathering the increaſe. I ſhall be ſhorter on this head, becauſe our countryman Mr. Sandys has, by a laborious ſearch amongſt the mythologiſts, been very full. He has annex'd his explanations to the end of each book, which deſerve to be recommended to thoſe that are curious in this figurative Learning.

The reader cannot fail of obſerving, how many excellent leſſons of morality Ovid has given us in the courſe of his fables.

The ſtory of Deucalion and Pyrrha teaches, that piety

and innocence cannot miſs of the divine protection, and that the only loſs irreparable is that of our probity and juſtice.

That of Phaeton; how the too great tenderneſs of the parent proves a cruelty to the child; and that he, who would climb to the ſeat of Jupiter, generally meets with his bolt by the way.

The tale of Baucis and Philemon is moſt inimitably told. He omits not the minuteſt circumſtance of a cottage life; and is much fuller than Virgil, where he brings in his contented old man Corycius, Georg. 4. Ovid repreſents a good old couple; happy, and ſatisfy'd in a cleanly poverty; hoſpitable, and free of the few things that fortune had given them: moderate in deſires; affectionate in their conjugal relation; ſo religious in life, that when they obſerv'd their homely cabbin riſing to a temple, all the bounty they aſked of the gods they had entertain'd, was, that they might do the office of prieſthood there; and at their death not ſurvive one another.

The ſtories of Lycaon and Pentheus, not only deter from infidelity and irreverence to the Gods: but the laſt alſo ſhows, that too great zeal produces the ſame effects, as none at all; and that enthuſiaſm is often more cruel than Atheiſm.

The ſtory of Minos and Scylla repreſents the infamy of ſelling our country; and teaches, that even they who love the crime, abhor the criminal.

In Cippus we find a noble magnanimity and heavenly ſelf-denial; he preferred the good of the republick to his own private grandeur; and choſe with an exemplary generoſity, rather to live a private free-man out of Rome, than to command numbers of ſlaves in it.

From the ſtory of Hercules we learn, that glory is a lady, who, like many others, loves to have her admirers ſuffer a

great deal for her. The poet enumerates the labours of the hero; ſhows how he conquered every thing for others, but nothing for himſelf: then does him the poetical juſtice of an apotheoſis; thinking it moſt fit that one, who had borne the celeſtial orbs on his ſhoulders, ſhould have a manſion amongſt them.

From the aſſumption of Romulus; that when war is at an end, the chief buſineſs of peace ſhould be the enacting good laws; that after a people are preſerved from the enemy, the next care ſhould be, to preſerve them from themſelves; and therefore the beſt legiſlators deſerve a place amongſt heroes and deities.

From Ariadne being inhumanly deſerted by Theſeus; and generouſly received by Bacchus; we find, that as there is nothing we can be ſure of, ſo there is nothing we ought to deſpair of.

From Althea burning the brand; that we ſhould take care leſt under the notion of juſtice we ſhould do a cruelty; for they that are ſet upon revenge, only endeavour to imitate the injury.

From Polyphemus making love to Galatea one may obſerve, that the moſt deformed can find ſomething to like in their own perſon. He examines his face in the ſtream, combs his rueful locks with a rake, grows more exact, and ſtudious of his dreſs, and diſcovers the firſt ſign of being in love, by endeavouring at a more than uſual care to pleaſe.

The fable of Cephalus and Procris confirms, that every trifle contributes to heighten the diſeaſe of jealouſy: and that the moſt convincing proofs can ſcarce cure it.

From that of Hippomenes and Atalanta we may diſcover that a generous preſent helps to perſuade, as well as an agreeable perſon.

From Medea's flying from Pelius's court; that the offered favours of the impious ſhould be always ſuſpected; and that they, who deſign to make every one fear them, are afraid of every one.

From Myrrha; that ſhame is ſometimes hard to be overcome, but if the ſex once gets the better of it, it gives them afterwards no more trouble.

From Cenis; that effeminacy in youth may change to valour in manhood, and that as fame periſhes, ſo does cenſure.

From Tereus; that one crime lays the foundation of many; and that the ſame perſon who begins with luſt, may conclude with murder.

From Midas; that nobody can puniſh a covetous man worſe than he puniſhes himſelf; that ſcarce any thing wou'd ſometimes prove more fatal to us, than the completion of our own wiſhes; and that he who has the moſt deſires, will certainly meet with the moſt diſappointments.

From the Pythagorean philoſophy, it may be obſerved, that man is the only animal who kills his fellow-creatures without being angry.

From Proteus we have this leſſon, that a ſtateſman can put on any ſhape; can be a ſpaniel to the lion, and a lion to the ſpaniel; and that he knows not to be an enemy, who knows not how to ſeem a friend; that if all crowns ſhould change their miniſtry, as often as they pleaſe, though they may be called other miniſters, they are ſtill the ſame men.

The legend of Æſculapius's voyage to Rome in form of a ſnake, ſeems to expreſs the neceſſary ſagacity required in profeſſors of that art, for the readier inſight into diſtempers; This reptile being celebrated by the ancient naturaliſts for a quick ſight.

Cum in amicorum vitium tam cernis acutum
Quam aut aquila, aut ſerpens Epidaurius?——
Hor. Sat. 3. l. 1.

The venerable Epidaurian aſſum'd the figure of an animal without hands to take fees; and therefore grateful poſterity honour'd him with a temple. In this manner ſhould wealthy phyſicians, upon proper occaſions, practiſe; and thus their ſurviving patients reward.

If the metamorphoſes be attended to with a juſt applicaton, and without prepoſſeſſion; one will be the leſs ſurpriſed at the author's prophetic ſpirit, relating to the duration and ſucceſs of the work.

Jamque opus exegi, &c.——

This prediction has ſo far proved true, that this poem has been ever ſince the magazine, which has furniſhed the greateſt poets of the following ages with fancy and alluſions; and the moſt celebrated painters with ſubjects and deſign. Nor have his poetical predeceſſors and contemporaries paid leſs regard to their own performances.

Inſignemque meo capiti petere inde coronam,
Unde prius nulli velârunt tempora muſæ. Lucr. B. 1.

Nemo me lacrumeis decoret, nec funera fletu
Faciſt; quur? volito vivo' per ora virùm. Enn. Frag.

—Tentanda via eſt, quâ me quoque poſſim
Tollere humo, victorque virum volitare per ora.
Virg. G. 3.

Me doctarum Ederæ premis frontium
Diis miſcent ſuperis——— Hor. Od. 1.

Again,

Exegi monumentum ære perennius,
Regalique ſitu Pyramidum altius,
Quod non imber edax, non Aquilo impoſſis
Poſſit diruere, aut innumerabilis
Annorum ſeries, & fuga temporum.
Non omnis moriar——— Hor. B. 3. Od. 30.

The whole ode is in a manner a continu'd compliment to his own writings; nor, in imitation of this celebrated author, want we poets of our preſent age, who have been pleas'd to rank themſelves amongſt their own admirers.

I have done with the original, and ſhall make no excuſe for the length of the preface, becauſe it is in the power of the reader to make it as ſhort as he pleaſes. I ſhall now conclude with a word or two about the verſion.

Tranſlation is commonly either verbal, or paraphraſe, or imitation; of the firſt is mr. Sandys's, which I think the Metamorphoſes can by no means allow of. It is agreed, the author left it unfiniſh'd; if it had undergone his laſt hand, it is more than probable, that many ſuperfluities had been retrench'd. Where a poem is perfectly finiſh'd, the tranſlation, with regard to particular idioms, cannot be too exact; by doing this, the ſenſe of the author is more entirely his own, and the caſt of the periods more faithfully preſerv'd: But where a poem is tedious through exuberance, or dark through a haſty brevity, I think the tranſlator may

be excus'd for doing what the author upon reviſing would have done himſelf.

If mr. Sandys had been of this opinion, perhaps other tranſlations of the Metamorphoſes had not been attempted.

A critic has obſerv'd, that in his verſion of this book, he has ſcrupulouſly confin'd the number of his lines to thoſe of the original. 'Tis fit I ſhould take the ſum upon content, and be better bred than to count after him.

The manner that ſeems moſt ſuited for this preſent undertaking, is, neither to follow the author too cloſe out of a critical timorouſneſs; nor abandon him too wantonly through a poetic boldneſs. The original ſhould always be kept in view, without too apparent a deviation from the ſenſe. Where it is otherwiſe, it is not a verſion, but an imitation. The tranſlator ought to be as intent to keep up the gracefulneſs of the poem, as artful to hide its imperfections; to copy its beauties, and to throw a ſhade over its blemiſhes; to be faithful to an idolatry, where the author excels; and to take the licence of a little paraphraſe, where penury of fancy or dryneſs of expreſſion ſeems to aſk for it.

The ingenious gentlemen concern'd in this undertaking ſeem to be of this opinion; and therefore they have not only conſulted the reputation of the author, but their own alſo. There is one of them has no other ſhare in this compliment, than by being the occaſion of engaging them that have, in obliging the public. He has alſo been ſo juſt to the memory and reputation of mr. Dryden, as to give his incomparable lines the advantage of appearing ſo near his own.

I cannot paſs by that admirable Engliſh poet, without endeavouring to make his country ſenſible of the obligations they have to his muſe. Whether they conſider the flowing grace of his verſification; the vigorous ſallies of his fancy;

or the peculiar delicacy of his periods; they'll diſcover excellencies never to be enough admir'd. If they trace him from the firſt productions of his youth to the laſt performances of his age, they'll find, that as the tyranny of rhime never impos'd on the perſpicuity of the ſenſe; ſo a languid ſenſe never wanted to be ſet off by the harmony of rhime. And as his earlier works wanted no maturity; ſo his latter wanted no force or ſpirit. The falling off of his hair had no other conſequence than to make his laurels to be ſeen the more.

As a tranſlator he was juſt; as an inventor he was rich. His verſions of ſome parts of Lucretius, Horace, Homer, and Virgil throughout, gave him a juſt pretence to that compliment which was made to monſieur d' Ablancourt, a celebrated French tranſlator; It is uncertain who have the greateſt obligations to him, the dead or the living.

With all theſe wondrous talents, he was libell'd in his life-time by the very men, who had no other excellencies, but as they were his imitators. Where he was allow'd to have ſentiments ſuperior to all others, they charged him with theft: But how did he ſteal? no otherwiſe, than like thoſe that ſteal beggars children, only to clothe them the better.

'Tis to be lamented, that gentlemen ſtill continue this unfair behaviour, and treat one another every day with moſt injurious libels. The muſes ſhould be ladies of a chaſte and fair behaviour; when they are otherwiſe, they are furies. 'Tis certain that Parnaſſus is at beſt but a barren mountain, and its inhabitants contrive to make it more ſo by their unneighbourly deportment; the authors are the only corporation that endeavour at the ruin of their own ſociety. Every day may convince them, how much a rich fool is reſpected

above a poor wit. The only talents in eſteem at preſent are thoſe of Exchange-alley; one tally is worth a grove of bays; and 'tis of much more conſequence to be well read in the tables of intereſt and the riſe and fall of ſtocks, than in the revolutions of empires.

Mr. Dryden is ſtill a ſad and ſhameful inſtance of this truth: The man, that cou'd make kings immortal, and raiſe triumphant arches to heroes, now wants a poor ſquare foot of ſtone, to ſhow where the aſhes of one of the greateſt poets, that ever was upon earth, are depoſited.

OVID'S METAMORPHOSES

BOOK XIV.

THE TRANSFORMATION OF SCYLLA.

NOW Glaucus, with a lover's haſte, bounds o'er
The ſwelling waves, and ſeeks the Latian ſhore.
Meſſena, Rhegium, and the barren coaſt
Of flaming Ætna, to his ſight are loſt:
At length he gains the Tyrrhene ſeas, and views
The hills, where baleful philters Circe brews;
Monſters, in various forms around her preſs;
As thus the god ſalutes the ſorcereſs.

O Circe, be indulgent to my grief,
And give a love-ſick deity relief.
Too well the mighty pow'r of plants I know,
To thoſe my figure and new fate I owe.
Againſt Meſſena, on th' Auſonian coaſt,
I Scylla view'd, and from that hour was loſt.
In tend'reſt ſounds I ſu'd; but ſtill the fair
Was deaf to vows, and pitileſs to pray'rs.
If numbers can avail, exert their pow'r;
Or energy of plants, if plants have more.
I aſk no cure, let but the virgin pine
With dying pangs, or agonies like mine.
No longer Circe could her flame diſguiſe,
But to the ſuppliant god marine, replies:
When maids are coy, have manlier aims in view;
Leave thoſe that fly, but thoſe that like, purſue.
If love can be by kind compliance won;
See, at your feet, the daughter of the ſun.
Sooner, ſaid Glaucus, ſhall the aſh remove
From mountains, and the ſwelling ſurges love,
Or humble ſea-weed to the hills repair;
E'er I think any but my Scylla fair.
Straight Circe reddens with a guilty ſhame,
And vows revenge for her rejected flame.
Fierce liking oft a ſpite as fierce creates;
For love refus'd, without averſion, hates.
To hurt her hapleſs rival, ſhe proceeds;
And, by the fall of Scylla, Glaucus bleeds.
Some faſcinating bev'rage now ſhe brews;
Compos'd of deadly drugs, and baneful juice.
At Rhegium ſhe arrives; the ocean braves,
And treads with unwet feet the boiling waves.

Upon the beach a winding bay there lies,
Shelter'd from ſeas, and ſhaded from the ſkies:
This ſtation Scylla choſe; a ſoft retreat
From chilling winds, and raging Cancer's heat.
The vengeful ſorc'reſs viſits this receſs;
Her charms infuſes, and infects the place.
Soon as the nymph wades in, her nether parts
Turn into dogs; then at herſelf ſhe ſtarts.
A ghaſtly horror in her eyes appears;
But yet ſhe knows not, who it is ſhe fears;
In vain ſhe offers from herſelf to run,
And drags about her what ſhe ſtrives to ſhun.
Oppreſs'd with grief the pitying God appears,
And ſwells the riſing ſurges with his tears;
From the diſtreſſed ſorcereſs he flies;
Her art reviles, and her addreſs denies:
Whilſt hapleſs Scylla, chang'd to rocks, decrees
Deſtruction to thoſe barks, that beat the ſeas.

THE VOYAGE OF ÆNEAS CONTINUED.

Here bulg'd the pride of fam'd Ulyſſes' fleet,
But good Æneas 'ſcap'd the fate he met.
As to the Latian ſhore the Trojan ſtood,
And cut with well-tim'd oars the foaming flood:
He weather'd fell Charybdis: but ere long
The ſkies were darken'd, and the tempeſt ſtrong.
Then to the Libyan coaſt he ſtretches o'er;
And makes at length the Carthaginian ſhore,
Here Dido, with an hoſpitable care,
Into her heart receives the wanderer.

From her kind arms th' ungrateful hero flies;
The injur'd queen looks on with dying eyes,
Then to her folly falls a ſacrifice.
Æneas now ſets ſail, and plying gains
Fair Eryx, where his friend Aceſtes reigns:
Firſt to his ſire does fun'ral rites decree,
Then gives the ſignal next, and ſtands to ſea;
Out-runs the iſlands where Volcanos roar;
Gets clear of Sirens, and their faithleſs ſhore:
But loſes Palinurus in the way;
Then makes Inarime, and Prochita.

THE TRANSFORMATION OF CERCOPIANS INTO APES.

The Gallies now by Pythecuſa paſs;
The name is from the natives of the place,
The father of the gods deteſting lies;
Oft, with abhorrence, heard their perjuries.
Th' abandon'd race, transform'd to beaſts, began
To mimick the impertinence of man.
Flat-nos'd, and furrow'd, with grimace they grin:
And look, to what they were, too near akin:
Merry in make, and buſy to no end;
This moment they divert, the next offend:
So much this ſpecies of their paſt retains;
Tho' loſt the language, yet the noſe remains.

ÆNEAS DESCENDS INTO HELL.

Now, on his right, he leaves Parthenope:
His left, Miſenus jutting in the ſea;

Arrives at Cuma, and with awe ſurvey'd
The grotto of the venerable maid:
Begs leave thro' black Avernus to retire;
And view the much-lov'd Manes of his ſire.
Straight the divining virgin rais'd her eyes:
And, foaming with a holy rage, replies:
O thou, whoſe worth thy wond'rous works proclaim;
The flames, thy piety; the world, thy fame;
Tho' great be thy requeſt, yet ſhalt thou ſee
Th' Elyſian fields, th' infernal monarchy;
Thy parent's ſhade: this arm thy ſteps ſhall guide:
To ſuppliant virtue nothing is deny'd.
She ſpoke, and pointing to the golden bough,
Which in th' Avernian Grove refulgent grew,
Seize that, ſhe bids; he liſtens to the maid;
Then views the mournful manſions of the dead:
The ſhade of great Anchiſes, and the place
By fates determin'd to the Trojan race.
As back to upper light the hero came,
He thus ſalutes the viſionary dame.——
O, whether ſome propitious deity,
Or lov'd by thoſe bright rulers of the ſky!
With grateful incenſe ſhall I ſtile you one,
And deem no godhead greater, than your own.
'Twas you reſtor'd me from the realms of night,
And gave me to behold the fields of light:
To feel the breezes of congenial air;
And nature's bleſt benevolence to ſhare.

THE STORY OF THE SIBYL.

I am no deity, reply'd the dame,
But mortal, and religious rites diſclaim.
Yet had avoided death's tyrannic ſway,
Had I conſented to the god of day.
With promiſes he ſought my love, and ſaid,
Have all you wiſh, my fair Cumæan maid.
I paus'd; then pointing to an heap of ſand,
For ev'ry grain to live a year, demand.
But ah! unmindful of th' effect of time,
Forgot to covenant for youth and prime.
The ſmiling bloom, I boaſted once, is gone,
And feeble age with lagging limbs creeps on.
Sev'n cent'ries have I liv'd; three more fulfil
The period of the years to finiſh ſtill.
Who'll think, that Phœbus, dreſt in youth divine,
Had once believ'd his luſtre leſs than mine?
This wither'd frame (ſo fates have will'd) ſhall waſte
To nothing, but prophetic words, at laſt.
The Sibyl mounting now from nether ſkies,
And the fam'd Ilian prince, at Cuma riſe.
He ſail'd, and near the place to anchor came,
Since call'd Cajeta from his nurſe's name.
Here did the luckleſs Macareus, a friend
To wiſe Ulyſſes, his long labours end.
Here, wandring, Achæmenides he meets,
And ſudden, thus his late aſſociate greets.
Whence came you here, O friend, and whither bound?
All gave you loſt on far Cyclopean ground;
A Greek's at laſt aboard a Trojan found.

THE ADVENTURES OF ACHÆMENIDES.

Thus Achæmenides—With thanks I name
Æneas, and his piety proclaim.
I 'ſcap'd the Cyclops thro' the hero's aid,
Elſe in his maw my mangled limbs had laid.
When firſt your navy under ſail he found,
He rav'd, till Ætna labour'd with the ſound,
Raging he ſtalk'd along the mountain's ſide,
And vented clouds of breath at ev'ry ſtride.
His ſtaff a mountain aſh; and in the clouds
Oft, as he walks, his griſly front he ſhrowds.
Eyeleſs he grop'd about with vengeful haſte,
And juſtled promontories, as he paſs'd.
Then heav'd a rock's high ſummit to the main,
And bellow'd, like ſome burſting hurricane.
Oh! cou'd I ſeize Ulyſſes in his flight,
How unlamented were my loſs of ſight!
Theſe jaws ſhould piece-meal tear each panting vein,
Grind ev'ry crackling bone, and pound his brain.
As thus he rav'd, my joints with horror ſhook;
The tide of blood my chilling heart forſook,
I ſaw him once diſgorge huge morſels, raw,
Of wretches undigeſted in his maw.
From the pale breathleſs trunks whole limbs he tore,
His beard all clotted with o'erflowing gore.
My anxious hours I paſs'd in caves; my food
Was foreſt fruits, and wildings of the wood.
At length a ſail I wafted, and aboard
My fortune found an hoſpitable lord.
Now, in return, your own adventures tell,
And what, ſince firſt you put to ſea, befel.

THE ADVENTURES OF MACAREUS.

Then Macareus——There reign'd a prince of fame
O'er Tuſcan ſeas, and Æolus his name.
A largeſs to Ulyſſes he conſign'd,
And in a ſteer's tough hide inclos'd a wind.
Nine days before the ſwelling gale we ran;
The tenth, to make the meeting land began:
When now the merry mariners, to find
Imagin'd wealth within, the bag unbind.
Forthwith out-ruſh'd a guſt, which backwards bore
Our gallies to the Læſtrigonian ſhore,
Whoſe crown, Antiphates the tyrant wore.
Some few commiſſion'd were with ſpeed to treat;
We to his court repair, his guards we meet.
Two, friendly flight preſerv'd; the third was doom'd,
To be by thoſe curs'd canibals conſum'd.
Inhumanly our hapleſs friends they treat,
Our men they murder, and deſtroy our fleet.
In time the wiſe Ulyſſes bore away,
And drop'd his anchor in yon faithleſs bay.
The thoughts of perils paſt we ſtill retain,
And fear to land, 'till lots appoint the men.
Polites true, Elpenor giv'n to wine,
Eurylochus, myſelf, the lots aſſign.
Deſign'd for dangers, and reſolv'd to dare,
To Circe's fatal palace we repair.

THE ENCHANTMENTS OF CIRCE.

Before the ſpacious front, a herd we find
Of beaſts the fierceſt of the ſavage kind.

Our trembling ſteps with blandiſhments they meet,
And fawn, unlike their ſpecies, at our feet.
Within upon a ſumptuous throne of ſtate,
On golden Columns rais'd, th' enchantreſs ſate.
Rich was her robe, and amiable her mien,
Her aſpect awful, and ſhe look'd a queen.
Her maids nor mind the loom, nor houſhold Care,
Nor wage in needle-work a Scythian war.
But cull in caniſters diſaſtrous flow'rs,
And plants from haunted heaths, and fairy bow'rs,
With brazen ſickles reap'd at planetary hours.
Each doſe the goddeſs weighs with watchful eye;
So nice her art in impious pharmacy!
Entring ſhe greets us with a gracious look,
And airs, that future amity beſpoke.
Her ready nymphs ſerve up a rich repaſt;
The bowl ſhe daſhes firſt, then gives to taſte.
Quick, to our own undoing, we comply;
Her pow'r we prove, and ſhew the ſorcery.
Soon, in a length of face our head extends;
Our chin ſtiff briſtles bears, and forward bends.
A breadth of brawn new burniſhes our neck;
Anon we grunt, as we begin to ſpeak.
Alone Eurylochus refus'd to taſte,
Nor to a beaſt obſcene the man debas'd.
Hither Ulyſſes haſtes (ſo fates command)
And bears the pow'rful Moly in his hand;
Unſheaths his ſcimetar, aſſaults the dame,
Preſerves his ſpecies and remains the ſame,
The nuptial rite this outrage ſtraight attends;
The dow'r deſir'd is his transfigur'd friends.

The incantation backward ſhe repeats,
Inverts her rod, and what ſhe did, defeats.
And now our ſkins grows ſmooth, our ſhape upright;
Our arms ſtretch up, our cloven feet unite.
With tears our weeping gen'ral we embrace;
Hang on his neck, and melt upon his face,
Twelve ſilver moons in Circe's court we ſtay,
Whilſt they there waſte th' unwilling hours away.
'Twas here I ſpy'd a youth in Parian ſtone;
His head a pecker bore; the cauſe unknown
To paſſengers. A nymph of Circe's train
The myſt'ry thus attempted to explain.

THE STORY OF PICUS AND CANENS.

Picus, who once th' Auſonian ſceptre held,
Could rein the ſteed, and fit him for the field.
So like he was to what you ſee, that ſtill
We doubt if real, or the ſculptor's ſkill.
The graces in the finiſh'd piece, you find,
Are but the copy of his fairer mind.
Four luſtres ſcarce the royal youth could name,
'Till ev'ry love-ſick nymph confeſs'd a flame.
Oft for his love the mountain Dryads ſu'd,
And ev'ry ſilver ſiſter of the flood:
Thoſe of Numicus, Albula, and thoſe
Where Almo creeps, and haſty Nar o'erflows;
Where ſedgy Anio glides thro' ſmiling meads,
Where ſhady Farfar ruſtles in the reeds:
And thoſe that love the lakes, and homage owe
To the chaſte goddeſs of the ſilver bow.

In vain each nymph her brighteſt charms put on,
His heart no ſov'reign would obey but one.
She whom Venilia, on mount Palatine,
To Janus bore, the faireſt of her line.
Nor did her face alone her charms confeſs,
Her voice was raviſhing, and pleas'd no leſs.
When e'er ſhe ſung, ſo melting were her ſtrains,
The flocks unfed ſeem'd liſt'ning on the plains;
The rivers would ſtand ſtill, the cedars bend;
And birds neglect their pinions to attend;
The ſavage kind in foreſt-wilds grow tame;
And Canens, from her heav'nly voice, her name.

Hymen had now in ſome ill-fated hour
Their hands united, as their hearts before.
Whilſt their ſoft moments in delights they waſte,
And each new day was dearer than the paſt;
Picus would ſometimes o'er the foreſts rove,
And mingle ſports with intervals of love.
It chanc'd, as once the foaming boar he chac'd,
His jewels ſparkling on his Tyrian veſt,
Laſcivious Circe well the youth ſurvey'd,
As ſimpling on the flow'ry hills ſhe ſtray'd.
Her wiſhing eyes their ſilent meſſage tell,
And from her lay the verdant miſchief fell.
As ſhe attempts at words, his courſer ſprings
O'er hills, and lawns, and ev'n a wiſh outwings.

Thou ſhalt not 'ſcape me ſo, pronounc'd the dame,
If Plants have power, and ſpells be not a name.
She ſaid——and forthwith form'd a boar of air,
That ſought the covert with diſſembled fear.
Swift to the thicket Picus wings his way
On foot to chaſe the viſionary prey.

Now ſhe invokes the daughters of the Night,
Does noxious juices ſmear, and charms recite;
Such as can veil the moon's more feeble fire,
Or ſhade the golden luſtre of her ſire.
In filthy fogs ſhe hides the chearful noon;
The guard at diſtance, and the youth alone,
By thoſe fair eyes, ſhe cries, and ev'ry Grace
That finiſh all the wonders of your face,
Oh! I conjure thee, hear a queen complain;
Nor let the ſon's ſoft lineage ſue in vain.
Whoe'er thou art, reply'd the king, forbear,
None can my paſſion with my Canens ſhare,
She firſt my ev'ry tender wiſh poſſeſt,
And found the ſoft approaches to my breaſt.
In nuptials bleſt, eaſh looſe deſire we ſhun,
Nor time can end, what innocence begun.
Think not, ſhe cry'd, to ſanter out a life
Of form, with that domeſtick drudge a wife;
My juſt revenge, dull fool, ere-long ſhall ſhow
What ills we women, if refus'd can do:
Think me a woman, and a lover too.
From dear ſucceſsful ſpite we hope for eaſe,
Nor fail to puniſh, where we fail to pleaſe.
Now twice to eaſt ſhe turns, as oft to weſt;
Thrice waves her wand, as oft a charm expreſt.
On the loſt youth her magick pow'r ſhe tries;
Aloft he ſprings, and wonders how he flies
On painted plumes the woods he ſeeks and ſtill
The monarch oak he pierces with his bill.
Thus chang'd, no more o'er Latian lands he reigns;
Of Picus nothing but the name remains.

The winds from driſling damps now purge the air,
The miſts ſubſide, the ſettling ſkies are fair:
The Court their Sovereign ſeek with arms in hand,
They threaten Circe, and their Lord demand.
Quick ſhe invokes the ſpirits of the air,
And twilight elves, that on dun wings repair
To charnels, and th' unhallow'd ſepulchre.
Now, ſtrange to tell, the plants ſweat drops of blood,
The trees are toſs'd from foreſts where they ſtood;
Blue ſerpents o'er the tainted herbage ſlide,
Pale glaring ſpectres on the Æther ride;
Dogs howl, earth yawns, rent rocks forſake their beds,
And from their quarries heave their ſtubborn heads.
The ſad ſpectators, ſtiffen'd with their fears
She ſees, and ſudden ev'ry limb ſhe ſmears;
Then each of ſavage beaſts the figure bears.
The ſun did now to weſtern waves retire,
In tides to temper his bright world of fire.
Canens laments her royal huſband's ſtay;
Ill ſuits fond love with abſence, or delay,
Where ſhe commands, her ready people run;
She wills retracts; bids, and forbids anon.
Reſtleſs in mind, and dying with deſpair,
Her breaſts ſhe beats, and tears her flowing hair.
Six days and nights ſhe wanders on, as chance
Directs, without or ſleep, or ſuſtenance.
Tiber at laſt beholds the weeping fair;
Her feeble limbs no more the mourner bear;
Stretch'd on his banks, ſhe to the flood complains,
And faintly tunes her voice to dying ſtrains.
The ſick'ning ſwain thus hangs her ſilver wings,
And, as ſhe droops, her elegy ſhe ſings,

Ere long ſad Canens waſtes to air; whilſt fame
The place ſtill honours with her hapleſs name.
Here did the tender tale of Picus ceaſe,
Above belief the wonder I confeſs.
Again we ſail, but more diſaſters meet,
Foretold by Cicero, to our ſuff'ring fleet.
Myſelf unable further woes to bear,
Declin'd the voyage, and now am refug'd here.

ÆNEAS ARRIVES IN ITALY.

Thus Macareus—Now with a pious aim
Had good Æneas rais'd a fun'ral flame,
In honour of his hoary nurſe's name.
Her epitaph he fix'd; and ſetting ſail,
Cajeta left, and catch'd at ev'ry gale.
He ſteer'd at diſtance from the faithleſs ſhore
Where the falſe goddeſs reigns with fatal pow'r;
And ſought thoſe grateful groves, that ſhade the plain
Where Tiber rolls majeſtick to the main.
And fattens, as he runs, the fair champain.
His kindred gods the hero's wiſhes crown
With fair Lavinia, and Latinus' throne:
But not without a prize the war he won.
Drawn up in bright array the battle ſtands:
Turnus with arms his promis'd wife demands.
Hetrurians, Latians equal fortune ſhare;
And doubtful long appears the face of war.
Both pow'rs from neighb'ring princes ſeek ſupplies,
And embaſſies appoint for new allies.
Æneas, for relief, Evander moves;
His quarrel he aſſerts, his cauſe approves.

The bold Rutilians with an equal ſpeed,
Sage Venelus diſpatch to Diomede.
The king, late Griefs revolving in his mind,
Theſe reaſons for neutrality aſſign'd.———
Shall I, of one poor dotal town poſſeſt,
My people thin, my wretched country waſte;
An exil'd prince, and on a ſhaking throne,
Or riſk my patron's ſubjects, or my own?
You'll grieve the harſhneſs of our hap to hear;
Nor can I tell the tale without a tear.

THE ADVENTURES OF DIOMEDE.

After fam'd Ilium was by Argives won,
And flames had finiſh'd, what the ſword begun;
Pallas, incens'd, purſu'd us to the main,
In vengeance of her violated fane.
Alone Oilëus forc'd the Trojan maid,
Yet all were puniſh'd for the brutal deed.
A ſtorm begins, the raging waves run high,
The clouds look heavy, and benight the ſky;
Red ſheets of light'ning o'er the ſeas are ſpread,
Our tackling yields, and wrecks at laſt ſucceed.
'Tis tedious our diſaſt'rous ſtate to tell;
Ev'n Priam wou'd have pity'd, what befel.
Yet Pallas ſav'd me from the ſwallowing main;
At home new wrongs to meet, as fates ordain.
Chac'd from my country, I once more compleat,
All ſuff'rings ſeas could give, or war repeat
For Venus, mindful of her wound, decreed
Still new calamities ſhould paſt ſucceed,

Agmon impatient thro' ſucceſſive ills,
With fury, love's bright goddeſs thus reviles:—
Theſe plagues in ſpite to Diomede are ſent;
The crime is his, but ours the puniſhment.
Let each, my friends, her puny ſpleen deſpiſe,
And dare that haughty harlot of the ſkies.
The reſt of Agmon's inſolence complain,
And of irreverence the wretch arraign.
About to anſwer, his blaſpheming throat
Contracts, and ſhrieks in ſome diſdainful note.
To his new ſkin a fleece of feather clings,
Hides his late arms, and lengthens into wings.
The lower features of his face extend,
Warp into horn, and in a beak deſcend.
Some more experience Agmon's deſtiny,
And wheeling in the air, like ſwans they fly.
Theſe thin remains to Daunus' realms I bring,
And here I reign, a poor precarious king.

THE TRANSFORMATION OF APPULUS.

Thus Diomedes. Venulus withdraws;
Unſped the ſervice of the common cauſe.
Puteoli he paſſes, and ſurvey'd
A cave long honour'd for its awful ſhade.
Here trembling reeds exclude the piercing ray,
Here ſtreams in gentle falls thro' windings ſtray,
And with a paſſing breath cool zephyrs play.
The goat-herd god frequents the ſilent place,
As once the wood-nymphs of the ſylvan race.
'Till Appulus with a diſhoneſt air,
And groſs behaviour, baniſh'd thence the air.

The bold buffoon, whene'er they tread the green,
Their motions mimicks, but with jeſt obſcene.
Looſe language oft he utters; but ere-long
A bark in filmy net-work binds his tongue.
Thus chang'd, a baſe wild olive he remains;
The ſhrub the coarſeneſs of the clown retains.

THE TROJAN SHIPS TRANSFORM'D TO SEA-NYMPHS.

Mean while the Latians all their pow'r prepare,
'Gainſt fortune, and the foe to puſh the war.
With Phrygian blood the floating fields they ſtain;
But, ſhort of ſuccours, ſtill contend in vain,
Turnus remarks the Trojan fleet ill-mann'd,
Unguarded, and at anchor near the ſtrand,
He thought; and ſtraight a lighted brand he bore,
And fire invades, what 'ſcap'd the waves before.
The billows from the kindling prow retire;
Pitch, roſin, ſearwood on red wings aſpire,
And Vulcan on the ſeas exerts his attribute of fire.
This when the mother of the gods beheld,
Her tow'ry crown ſhe ſhook, and ſtood reveal'd;
Her brindl'd lions rein'd, unveil'd her head,
And hov'ring o'er her favour'd fleet, ſhe ſaid;
Ceaſe Turnus, and the heav'nly pow'rs reſpect,
Nor dare to violate, what I protect.
Theſe gallies, once fair trees on Ida ſtood,
And gave their ſhade to each deſcending god.
Nor ſhall conſume; irrevocable fate
Allots their being no determin'd date.
Strait peals of thunder heav'ns high arches rend,
The hail-ſtones leap, the ſhow'rs in ſpouts deſcend;

The winds with widen'd throats the ſignal give;
The cables break, the ſmoking veſſels drive.
Now, wondrous, as they beat the foaming flood,
The timber ſoftens into fleſh and blood;
The yards, and oars new arms, and legs deſign;
A trunk the hull; the ſlender keel, a ſpine;
The prow a female face; and by degrees
The gallies riſe green daughters of the ſeas.
Sometimes on coral beds they ſit in ſtate,
Or wanton on the waves they fear'd of late.
The barks, that beat the ſeas, are ſtill their care,
Themſelves remembring what of late they were;
To ſave a Trojan ſail in throngs they preſs,
But ſmile to ſee Alcinous in diſtreſs.
Unable were thoſe wonders to deter
The Latians from their unſucceſsful war,
Both ſides for doubtful victory contend;
And on their courage, and their gods depend.
Nor bright Lavinia, nor Latinus' crown,
Warm their great ſoul to war, like fair renown.
Venus at laſt beholds her godlike ſon
Triumphant, and the field of battle won;
Brave Turnus ſlain, ſtrong Ardea but a name,
And bury'd in fierce deluges of flame.
Her tow'rs, that boaſted once a ſov'reign ſway,
The fate of fancy'd grandeur now betray.
A famiſh'd heron from the aſhes ſprings,
And beats the ruin with diſaſtrous wings.
Calamities of towns diſtreſt ſhe feigns,
And oft, with woful ſhrieks, of war complains.

THE DEIFICATION OF ÆNEAS.

Now had Æneas, as ordain'd by fate,
Surviv'd the period of Saturnia's hate:
And by a ſure irrevocable doom,
Fix'd the immortal majeſty of Rome.
Fit for the ſtation of his kindred ſtars,
His mother goddeſs thus her ſuit prefers.
Almighty arbiter, whoſe pow'rful nod
Shakes diſtant earth, and bows our own abode;
To thy great progeny indulgent be,
And rank the goddeſs-born a deity.
Already has he view'd, with mortal eyes,
Thy brother's kingdoms of the nether ſkies.
Forthwith a conclave of the godhead meets,
Where Juno in the ſhining ſenate ſits.
Remorſe for paſt revenge the goddeſs feels;
Then thund'ring Jove th' almighty mandate ſeals,
Allots the prince of his celeſtial line
An Apotheoſis, and rights divine.
The cryſtal manſions echo with applauſe,
And, with her graces, love's bright queen withdraws;
Shoots in a blaze of light along the ſkies,
And, borne by turtles, to Laurentum flies.
Alights, where thro' the reeds Numicius ſtrays,
And to the ſeas his watry tribute pays.
The god ſhe ſupplicates to waſh away
The parts more groſs, and ſubject to decay,
And cleanſe the goddeſs-born from ſeminal allay.
The horned flood with glad attention ſtands,
Then bids his ſtreams obey their ſire's commands.

His better parts by luſtral waves refin'd,
More pure, and nearer to æthereal mind;
With gums of fragrant ſcent the goddeſs ſtrews,
And on his features breathes ambroſial dews.
Thus deify'd, new honours Rome decrees,
Shrines, feſtivals; and Ilia's him Indiges.

THE LINE OF THE LATIAN KINGS.

Aſcanius now the Latian ſceptre ſways;
The Alban nation, Sylvius, next obeys.
Then young Latinus: Next an Alba came,
The grace, and guardian of the Alban name.
Then Epitus; then gentle Capys reign'd;
Then Capetis the regal pow'r ſuſtain'd.
Next he who periſh'd on the Tuſcan flood,
And honour'd with his name the river god.
Now haughty Romulus began his reign,
Who fell by thunder he aſpir'd to feign.
Meek Acrota ſucceeded to the crown;
From peace endeavouring, more than arms, renown,
To Aventinus well reſign'd his throne.
The mount on which he rul'd, preſerves his name,
And Procas wore the regal diadem.

THE STORY OF VERTUMNUS AND POMONA.

A Hama-Dryad flouriſh'd in theſe days,
Her name Pomona, from her woodland race.
In garden culture none could ſo excel,
Or form the pliant ſouls of plants ſo well;

Or to the fruit more gen'rous flavours lend,
Or teach the trees with nobler loads to bend.
The nymph frequented not the flatt'ring ſtream,
Nor meads, the ſubject of a virgin's dream;
But to ſuch joys her nurs'ry did prefer,
Alone to tend her vegetable care.
A pruning-hook ſhe carry'd in her hand,
And taught the ſtraglers to obey command;
Leſt the licentious and unthriſty bough,
The too-indulgent parent ſhould undo.
She ſhows, how ſtocks invite to their embrace
A graft, and naturalize a foreign race
To mend the ſavage teint; and in its ſtead
Adopt new nature, and a nobler breed.
Now hourly ſhe obſerves her growing care,
And guards their nonage from the bleaker air:
Then opes her ſtreaming ſluices, to ſupply
With flowing draughts her thirſty family.
Long had ſhe labour'd to continue free
From chains of love and nuptial tyranny;
And in her orchard's ſmall extent immur'd,
Her vow'd virginity ſhe ſtill ſecur'd.
Oft would looſe Pan, with all the luſtful train
Of ſatyrs, tempt her innocence in vain.
Silenus, that old dotard, own'd a flame;
And he, that frights the thieves with ſtratagem
Of ſword, and ſomething elſe too groſs to name.
Vertumnus too purſu'd the maid no leſs;
But, with his rivals, ſhar'd a like ſucceſs.
To gain acceſs a thouſand ways he tries;
Oft, in the hind, the lover would diſguiſe.

The heedleſs lout comes ſhambling on, and ſeems
Juſt ſweating from the labour of his teams.
Then, from the harveſt, oft the mimick ſwain
Seems bending with a load of bearded grain.
Sometimes a dreſſer of the vine he feigns,
And lawleſs tendrils to their bounds reſtrains.
Sometimes his ſword a ſoldier ſhews, his rod,
An angler; ſtill ſo various is the god.
Now, in a forehead-cloth, ſome crone he ſeems,
A ſtaff ſupplying the defect of limbs;
Admittance thus he gains; admires the ſtore
Of faireſt fruit; the fair poſſeſſor more;
Then greets her with a kiſs: Th' unpractis'd dame,
Admir'd a grandame kiſs'd with ſuch a flame.
Now, ſeated by her, he beholds a vine
Around an elm in am'rous foldings twine.
If that fair elm, he cry'd, alone ſhould ſtand,
No grapes would glow with gold, and tempt the hand;
Or if that vine without her elm ſhould grow,
'Twould creep a poor neglected ſhrub below.
Be then, fair nymph, by theſe examples led;
Nor ſhun, for fancy'd fears, the nuptial bed.
Not ſhe for whom the Lapithites took arms,
Nor Sparta's queen, could boaſt ſuch heavenly charms.
And if you would on woman's faith rely,
None can your choice direct ſo well, as I.
Tho' old, ſo much Pomona I adore,
Scarce does the bright Vertumnus love her more.
'Tis your fair ſelf alone his breaſt inſpires
With ſofteſt wiſhes and unfoil'd deſires.
Then fly all vulgar followers, and prove
The god of ſeaſons only worth your love:

On my aſſurance well you may repoſe:
Vertumnus ſcarce Vertumnus better knows.
True to his choice, all looſer flames he flies;
Nor for new faces faſhionably dies.
The charms of youth, and ev'ry ſmiling grace
Bloom in his features, and the god confeſs.
Beſides, he puts on ev'ry ſhape at eaſe;
But thoſe the moſt, that beſt Pomona pleaſe.
Still to oblige her is her lover's aim;
Their likings and averſions are the ſame.
Nor the fair fruit your burden'd branches bear;
Nor all the youthful product of the year,
Could bribe his choice; yourſelf alone can prove
A fit reward for ſo refin'd a love.
Relent, fair nymph, and with a kind regret,
Think 'tis Vertumnus weeping at your feet.
A tale attend, thro' Cyprus known, to prove
How Venus once reveng'd neglected love.

THE STORY OF IPHIS AND ANAXARETE.

Iphis, of vulgar birth, by chance had view'd
Fair Anaxaretè of Teucer's blood.
Not long had he beheld the royal dame,
Ere the bright ſparkle kindled into flame.
Oft did he ſtruggle with a juſt deſpair,
Unfix'd to aſk, unable to forbear.
But love, who flatters ſtill his own diſeaſe,
Hopes all things will ſucceed, he knows will pleaſe.
Where-e'er the fair one haunts, he hovers there;
And ſeeks her confident with ſighs, and pray'r,

Or letters he conveys, that ſeldom prove
Succeſsleſs meſſengers in ſuits of love.
Now ſhiv'ring at her gates the wretch appears,
And myrtle garlands on the columns rears,
Wet with a deluge of unbidden tears.
The nymph more hard than rocks, more deaf than ſeas,
Derides his pray'rs; inſults his agonies;
Arraigns of inſolence th' aſpiring ſwain;
And takes a cruel pleaſure in his pain.
Reſolv'd at laſt to finiſh his deſpair,
He thus upbraids th' inexorable fair.
O Anaxaretè, at laſt forget
The licence of a paſſion indiſcreet.
Now triumph, ſince a welcome ſacrifice
Your ſlave prepares, to offer to your eyes.
My life, without reluctance, I reſign;
That preſent beſt can pleaſe a pride, like thine.
But, O! forbear to blaſt a flame ſo bright,
Doom'd never to expire, but with the light.
And you, great pow'rs, do juſtice to my name;
The hours, you take from life, reſtore to fame.
Then o'er the poſts, once hung with wreaths he throws
The ready cord, and fits the fatal nooſe;
For death prepares; and bounding from above,
At once the wretch concludes his life, and love.
Ere-long the people gather, and the dead
Is to his mourning mother's arms convey'd.
Firſt, like ſome ghaſtly ſtatue, ſhe appears;
Then bathes the breathleſs corſe in ſeas of tears,
And gives it to the pile; now as the throng
Proceed in ſad ſolemnity along,

To view the paſſing pomp, the cruel fair
Haſtes, and beholds her breathleſs lover there.
Struck with the ſight, inanimate ſhe ſeems;
Set are her eyes, and motionleſs her limbs:
Her features without fire, her colour gone,
And, like her heart, ſhe hardens into ſtone.
In Salamis the ſtatue ſtill is ſeen
In the fam'd temple of the Cyprian queen.
Warn'd by this tale, no longer then diſdain,
O nymph belov'd, to eaſe a lover's pain.
So may the froſts in ſpring your bloſſoms ſpare,
And winds their rude autumnal rage forbear.

The ſtory oft Vertumnus urg'd in vain,
But then aſſum'd his heav'nly form again.
Such looks, and luſtre the bright youth adorn,
As when with rays glad Phœbus paints the morn.
The ſight ſo warms the fair admiring maid,
Like ſnow ſhe melts: So ſoon can youth perſuade.
Conſent, on eager winds, ſucceeds deſire;
And both the lovers glow with mutual fire.

THE LATIAN LINE CONTINUED.

Now Procas yielding to the fates, his ſon
Mild Numitor ſucceeded to the crown.
But falſe Amulius, with a lawleſs pow'r,
At length depos'd his brother Numitor.
Then Ilia's valiant iſſue, with the ſword,
Her parent re-inthron'd, the rightful lord.
Next Romulus to people Rome contrives;
The joyous time of Pales' feaſt arrives;
He gives the word to ſeize the Sabine wives.

The ſires enrag'd take arms, by Tatius led,
Bold to revenge their violated bed.
A fort there was, not yet unknown to fame,
Call'd the Tarpeian, its commander's name.
This by the falſe Tarpeia was betray'd,
But death well recompens'd the treach'rous maid.
The foe on this new-bought ſucceſs relies,
And ſilent march, the city to ſurpriſe.
Saturnia's arts with Sabine arms combine;
But Venus countermines the vain deſign;
Intreats the Nymphs that o'er the ſprings preſide,
Which near the fane of hoary Janus glide,
To ſend their ſuccours; ev'ry urn they drain,
To ſtop the Sabines progreſs, but in vain.
The Naiads now more ſtratagems eſſay;
And kindling ſulphur to each ſource convey.
The floods ferment, hot exhalations riſe,
Till from the ſcalding ford the army flies.
Soon Romulus appears in ſhining arms,
And to the war the Roman legions warms:
The battle rages, and the field is ſpread
With nothing but the dying and the dead.
Both ſides conſent to treat without delay,
And their two chiefs at once the ſceptre ſway.
But Tatius by Lavinian fury ſlain;
Great Romulus continu'd long to reign.

THE ASSUMPTION OF ROMULUS.

Now warrior Mars his burniſh'd helm puts on,
And thus addreſſes heav'n's imperial throne.

Since the inferior world is now become
One vaſſal globe, and colony to Rome,
This grace, O Jove, for Romulus I claim,
Admit him to the ſkies, from whence he came.
Long haſt thou promiſ'd an Æthereal ſtate
To Mars's lineage; and thy word is fate.
The fire that rules the thunder, with a nod,
Declar'd the Fiat, and diſmiſs'd the god.
Soon as the pow'r armipotent ſurvey'd
The flaſhing ſkies, the ſignal he obey'd;
And leaning on his lance, he mounts his car,
His fiery courſers laſhing thro' the air.
Mount Palatine he gains, and finds his ſon
Good laws enacting on a peaceful throne;
The ſcales of heav'nly juſtice holding high,
With ſteady hand, and a diſcerning eye.
Then vaults upon his car, and to the ſpheres,
Swift, as a flying ſhaft, Rome's founder bears.
The parts more pure in riſing are refined,
The groſs and periſhable lag behind.
His ſhrine in purple veſtments ſtands in view;
He looks a god, and is Quirinus now.

THE ASSUMPTION OF HERSILIA.

Ere long the goddeſs of the nuptial bed,
With pity mov'd, ſends Iris in her ſtead
To ſad Herſilia——Thus the meteor maid:
Chaſte relict! in bright truth to heav'n ally'd,
The Sabines glory, and the ſex's pride;
Honour'd on earth, and worthy of the love
Of ſuch a ſpouſe, as now reſides above.

Some reſpite to thy killing griefs afford;
And if thou would'ſt once more behold thy Lord,
Retire to yon ſteep mount, with groves o'er-ſpread,
Which with an awful gloom his temple ſhade.
With fear the modeſt matron lifts her eyes,
And to the bright ambaſſadreſs replies:
O goddeſs yet to mortal eyes unknown,
But ſure thy various charms confeſs thee one;
O quick to Romulus thy votreſs bear,
With looks of love he'll ſmile away my care:
In whate'er orb he ſhines, my heav'n is there.
Then haſtes with Iris to the holy grove,
And up the mount Quirinal as they move,
A lambent flame glides downward thro' the air,
And brightens with a blaze Herſilia's hair.
Together on the bounding ray they riſe,
And ſhoot a gleam of light along the ſkies.
With op'ning arms Quirinus met his bride,
Now Ora nam'd, and preſs'd her to his ſide.

OVID's METAMORPHOSES, Book XV.

THE STORY OF CIPPUS.

OR as when Cippus in the current view'd
The ſhooting horns that on his forehead ſtood,
His temples firſt he feels, and with ſurpriſe
His touch confirms th' aſſurance of his eyes.
Straight to the ſkies his horned front he rears,
And to the gods directs theſe pious pray'rs.

If this portent be proſp'rous, O decree
To Rome th' event: if otherwiſe, to me.
An altar then of turf he haſtes to raiſe,
Rich gums in fragrant exhalations blaze;
The panting entrails crackle as they fry,
And boding fumes pronounce a myſtery.
Soon as the augur ſaw the holy fire,
And victims with preſaging ſigns expire,
To Cippus then he turns his eyes with ſpeed,
And views the horny honours of his head:
Then cry'd, Hail! Conqueror! thy call obey,
Thoſe omens I behold preſage thy ſway.
Rome waits thy nod, unwilling to be free,
And owns thy ſov'reign pow'r as fate's decree.
He ſaid—and Cippus, ſtarting at th' event,
Spoke in theſe words his pious diſcontent.
Far hence, ye gods, this execration ſend,
And the great race of Romulus defend.
Better that I in exile live abhorr'd,
Than e'er the capitol ſhould ſtile me lord.
This ſpoke, he hides with leaves his omen'd head,
Then prays, the ſenate next convenes, and ſaid,
If Augurs can foreſee, a wretch is come,
Deſign'd by deſtiny the bane of Rome.
Two horns (moſt ſtrange to tell) his temples crown;
If e'er he paſs the walls and gain the town,
Your laws are forfeit, that ill-fated hour;
And liberty muſt yield to lawleſs pow'r.
Your gates he might have enter'd; but this arm
Seiz'd the uſurper, and withheld the harm.
Haſte, find the monſter out, and let him be
Condemn'd to all the ſenate can decree;

Or ty'd in chains, or into exile thrown;
Or by the tyrant's death prevent your own.
The crowd ſuch murmurs utter as they ſtand,
As ſwelling ſurges breaking on the ſtrand:
Or as when gath'ring gales ſweep o'er the grove,
And their tall heads the bending cedars move.
Each with confuſion gaz'd, and then began
To feel his fellow's brows, and find the man.
Cippus then ſhakes his garland off, and cries,
The wretch you want, I offer to your eyes.
The anxious throng look'd down, and ſad in thought,
All wiſh'd they had not found the ſign they ſought:
In haſte with laurel wreaths his head they bind;
Such honour to ſuch virtue was aſſign'd.
Then thus the ſenate—Hear, O Cippus, hear;
So god-like is thy tutelary care,
That ſince in Rome thyſelf forbids thy ſtay,
For thy abode thoſe acres we convey
The plough-ſhare can ſurround, the labour of a day.
In deathleſs records thou ſhalt ſtand inroll'd,
And Rome's rich poſts ſhall ſhine with horns of gold.

ORATIO LAUDATORIA,

IN ÆDIBUS

COLLEGII REGALIS MED. LOND.

17MO DIE SEPTEMBRIS. 1697.

CLARISSIMÆ

PRO-PRÆSES,

COLLEGÆ DOCTISSMI.

AUDITORES HUMANISSIMI!

MIRENTUR alii, neque id fortè injuriâ, cùm tot adſint oratores, ingenio pariter et eloquentiâ illuſtres; me, qui neque doctrinâ neque arte dicendi polleam, provinciam hanc inauſpicatò ſortiri: Verum hoc quicquid eſt, ſive honoris, ſive muneris, non ambitu quæſitum eſt ac ne minimâ meâ propenſione ſuſceptum; ſed cùm jubente Præſide, reluctari nefas eſſe duxerim, exiſtimatione potiùs & famæ propriæ, quàm officio deeſſe conſtitui; ne fortè videar non ſatis authoritati ejus auſcultaſſe, cujus ipſo etiam in hortatu acquieſcere debemus. Nec incepti mei me pœniteret, ſi tanti viri veſtigiis inſiſtere poſſem: Qui, quot habet verba, tot illecebris leporibuſque abundat. Suavitate ſuâ permulcet, ſubtilitate docet, argumentis flectit, & varietate delectat; nervosâ inſuper Saluſtii brevitate pollet, Curtii acumine, & numerosâ Tullii, quoties ita viſum eſt, & diffusâ venâ. Nemo igitur Millingtonum, ut par eſt, niſi qui par ingenium ſortitus eſt, laudare moliatur; quàm impar autem & ineptus ego fuerim, oratione hodiernâ abundè conſtabit.

Deſunt certè mihi & æquabile dicendi genus, & vis ſuaſoria; neque preſsè loqui ſcio, neque uberiùs; inventio mea jejuna eſt & ſterilis, geſtus denique rudis & incompoſitus. Quid igitur præſentiâ veſtrâ, quid arte noſtrâ dignum proferam? Non vos latet Alexandrum magnum (ut de Zoroaſtre, de Mithridate, de Lyſimacho ſileam) haud minimam medicinæ, idque Stagyritæ conſilio, dediſſe operam. Nec mirum, cùm veneranda antiquitas, quam plurimos medendi arte felices, non ſolùm privilegiis, non præmiis, non ſtatuis, ſed reverentiâ planè religioſâ, ſed cultu prorsùs divino dignos exiſtimaverit: Homines enim ad deos nullâ re propius accedunt, quam ſanitatem dando, conſervando, reſtituendo.

Flammam febrium ferocientem reſtinguit Medicina, artus paralyticos & rigentes benignis ignibus refocillat, Hydropis laticem exantlat, renum ſcaturiginem ſiſtit, vultum ſqualore morbido fœdatum decorat, et larvam tollit, tabidos inſtaurat, plùs juſtò ſaginatos redigit, torpidos irradiat, & inſomnes conſopit. Plantarum figuras & ſapores penes infinitos diſtinguit, medullam foſſilium intimam rimatur, naturam per mille orbes & mæandros ſectatur, ipſiſſimum inſuper terræ centrum medicinæ perſpicacitatem non fugit, nec quicquam in ipſo deliteſcit oceano.

Plura dicerem ut artis apollineæ laudibus nequaquam deeſſem, verùm iſta omitto, ne multa hac occaſione non ita pridem audita recenſere videar. De medicorum itaque dignitate & titulis, qui certiores fieri velint, Foeſium & alios conſulant. Sed in ea nos incidimus loca & tempora, quibus ipſa ægrotat medicina. Ars ſiquidem omnibus aliis utiliſſima, ſibi ſuiſque prodeſſe neſcit, dum plus pſeudo-medicis quam morbis laborat anglia. Quot & quales ſint iſti, programmata parietibus affixa monent indies. Hic circumforaneus in plateis equo inſidens, dentes evellit; ille, domi

domi certis horis fatuos expectat: alter matulas inſpicit, & ubi morbum non invenit, facit; alter, turbâ in unum funambuli ope convocatâ, venit, videt, in confertiſſimam catervam irruit, & horrendam edit ſtragem. Non autem telis vulnerat iſta agyrtarum colluvies, ſed theriacâ quâdam magis perniciosâ, non pyrio, ſed pulvere neſcio quo exotico certat, non globulis plumbeis, ſed pilulis æque lethalibus interficit. O genus hominum, ſi quod aliud ſceleratiſſimum! totam urbem invadunt iſti homicidæ, ſed an imperitiâ an impunitate majori incertum; pro pudore, audacia, pro ſagacitate inſcitia, pro integritate improbitas hodiè, ut olim, viget. Huic peſti ut occurreret Henricus octavus regum auguſtiſſimus, & ſanitati ſubditorum religioſè conſulens, collegium hoc quam plurimis immunitatibus ad rem medicam moderandam ſtabiliendamque donavit. Henrici ad exemplum Edvardus ſextus, Maria & Elizabetha reginæ, Jacobi, Carolique duo, nullum officii genus ad emolumentum noſtrum ſpectans, omiſere: Multa in ſuper Mariæ & Arabellæ Stuartæ ex regio ſanguine oriundis debemus; Lumleio baroni, ſummæ, eo tempore authoritatis etiam multa; Nec minora marchioni Dorceſtriæ, collegii hujuſce regalis ſocio, viro etiam animi dotibus quàm natalium ſplendore clariori. Neque nos fugiant ſocietatis noſtræ & alia ornamenta, Linacrus nempe Atkinſius, Readus, Meverellus, Poxus, Gulſtonus, Pagettus, Bidgodſius, Pamannus, præcipuè, verò Harvæus & Hæmeus: ingenti virtute & doctrinâ fuere ambo, ſed indole paulum diversâ: Harvæus benignitate clarus habebatur, morum ſimplicitate Hamæus: Ille humanitate feſtiva probatus fuit, huic auguſta gravitas dignitatem dedit; alterius lenitas, alterius ſtabilitas celebratur.

Quanti quidem Harvæum facere debemus non tam ex ore noſtro quam ſcriptis ejus diſcat Europa. Efflorescet indies

beati Senis fama, quo doctiorem, nulla ætas vidit, nulla forſitan videbit: Cujus ingenii acumen atque ardor mentis, tanquam flamma quædam cœlitus delapſa, totum orbem literatum illuſtravit. Falſo pro vero olim recepta tenebris damnavit, latentia & abſcondita in lucem protulit; ipſiſſimam animalium originem, ſudore majori neſcio an ſagacitate, indagavit, æſtum ſanguinis feliciter obſervavit, motumque reciprocum palam fecit; nihil illum latuit, nemo virtutis ſimul & veritatis ſtudioſior; tanta fuit illi benevolentia, ut nihil ſciverit quod alios neſcire voluerit; tanta eruditio ut nemo ex eâ ad hanc fere diem ſciverit quod ille ignoravit: ad hæc, qualis in vultu facilitas, in verbis candor, in familiari conſuetudine lepor & venuſtas! Erga collegas urbanitate, erga amicos conſtantiâ, erga pauperes charitate, erga omnes probitate inclaruit. Deorum immortalium adinſtar pauciſſimis indiguit, & quam plurimis benefecit, etiam poſteris, non ſolùm divina edocendo, ſed nos omnes hæredes ex aſſe conſtituendo.

Haud longe aliter Hamæus. Illius quidem munificentiâ effectum eſt, ut collegium hodie ſuperſit; quantis quidem impenſis ædes ſtaſce, ſæviente bello pluſquam civili, vindicaverit, neminem latere exiſtimo. Eſſe quàm videri munificus malebat: Alii munera, alii agros, alii ſtatuas, alii alia exoptant, & optando conſeneſcunt. Hic de nihilo niſi mente ſanâ & corpore ſano ſollicitus erat, cujus amicitia dum vixit, nunc chariſſima nobis eſt memoria & longum colenda.

Neque Cutlerum Baronettum præterire licet. Si ſilerem Ego, me monerent hi parietes, hæc ſubſellia. Vir ſanè neque alieni injuſtè appetens, neque ſui profuſus; haud plus honeſta expetiit, quam male parta devitavit; omnia ſibi negavit, uti multa aliis elargiretur, fame & frigore ſe fere conficiens, uti egenos victu & igne reficeret; publica curavit,

neque interim propria neglexit: plura dicere decorum non eſt, neque fas, pauciora: Filiam diu illi non ſuperſtitem reliquit, optimis animi ornamentis dotatam, & illuſtriſſimo comiti de Radnor, proſapiâ igſigni, virtute vero inſigniori, connubio junctam.

Reſtant & adhuc nonnulli beneſactores qui in vivis ſunt. Domina nempe Gratia Pierrepoint, dotium paternarum nobilium hæres nobiliſſima: Henricus Guy armiger, vir non minus humani ingenii, quam ad largiendum promptiſſimi, qui cum Gulielmo Langham & Johanne Banks baronettis, integritate & conſilio probatis, digni ſunt ut commemorentur.

Ad te nunc coronidis loco convertimur, Gulielme auguſte, regum invictiſſime, non tam collegii hujuſce Jupiter ſtator & caſtos, quam orbis chriſtiani liberator & publicæ quietis reſtitutor. Quòd regna Europæa meliora expectant, tuum eſt; quod Agricolæ tempeſtates anni lætas ſperant, tuum eſt; quod caſtitatem matres, quod pudorem filiæ jam tuentur, tuum eſt. Te venerantur Angli, te obſervant Hiſpani, te mirantur Germani, te colunt Batavi, & te verentur galli. Si geſta majorum tuorum illuſtria, ſi genus antiquum ſpectemus, ecquid non veteres loquuntur faſta & annales? Tot principes & heroas ê ſtirpe Naſſoviâ oriundos numeremus, quot vix homines ê ſuâ poſſunt alii.

Ignorat nemo, niſi qui neſcire mallet, vim Gallicam viginti, & eò ampliùs retro annis, toti Europæ tremendam incubuiſſe. Belli enim deſuetudo ſocordiam, ſocordia ſervitutem ſæpius parit, adeò ut de libertate publica deſperandum eſſet, ni juvenis Auriacus, majorum more, venienti morbo occurrere feſtinaſſet. Quæ & quanta plane ſtupenda in Flandris geſſiſti, teſtatur inter alia prœlium montibus dimicatum, ubi hoſtilem exercitum penitus fudiſti, ubi militarem

divi Julii ſcientiam, Alexandri annos nondum prætergreſſus, impleviſti, tu penè impubis & jam triumphator.

Te de novo conſervatorem petiit concuſſa ſalus publica, & in ſinum tuum confugit ſuſpirans Anglia; non te, propria ambitio imperatorem fecit, ſed noſtræ anguſtiæ: Britanniam languentem, & extrema jam perpeſſam, vel ipſa præſentiâ tuâ reſtituiſti, Hiberniam ferè exanimem, adventu tuo refocillaſti. Si inſignium virtutis tuæ exemplorum immemor eſſem, Boina flumen me admoneret. Alveum fere deſeruit cunctabundus ille amnis ut trajectui tuo indulgeret; traducis copias flumen, ordines deinde inſtruis, legiones diſponis, res ad manus venit; ipſe in prima acie ſtas inconcuſſus; non diu utrinque decertatum eſt, quin hoſtes, quiſitus & opportunitates locorum apprimé calluere, impetum tuum non ſuſtinentes, fugâ ſibi conſulere cœperunt. Fugientes inſequeris, & quocunque tendis, te comitatur victoria.

Cohortibus tuis nullus aditus vel eſt aſper, vel arduus; ſubſidunt montes, exareſcunt flumina, patent januæ, & armis tuis cedit tota inſula. Barbaris & Gallis hoc modo ſubactis, quò te fata trahunt, & gloria tua, vocaris; Flandriam denuo tot incendiis vaſtatam, tot Gallici furoris indiciis peſſundatam reviſis, patrocinium promittis, & lugendæ rerum ſorti benigne ſuccurris. Mœnia Namurci petis; milites, quo jubes, ſequuntur alacres, & caſtris poſitis, oppidum obſidione premis. Galli, ſpe multâ in copiis & propugnaculis conſtitutâ, inceptum irrident. Noſtri verò priſtinæ virtutis memores, acriter & omni impetu obſeſſos adoriuntur; teque auſpice, & teſte Francorum exercitu, caſtrum totius Europæ munitiſſimum, expugnant.

Quis & quantus ille dies, ſi tacerem ego, columnæ, arcus triumphales, obeliſci, brevi eloquerentur,

Ecquid eſt, Auguſte, quod pro utilitate publicâ, non molireris? cum Coclite natares, cum Fabio cunctareris, & cum Manlio contra hoſtium agmina, ſolus licet, decertares. Non proſperis, ſupra quàm majeſtati convenit, elatus es, neque rebus ſiniſtris infractus; ſed ſi à tuis in prælio derelictus fores, uno animo, ſed forti, ſed magnifico, univerſos ſuſtinere quum non poſſes, ſingulos vinceres.

Cæli inclementiam, ventorum impetum, oceani furorem, hiemem & æſtatem juxtà perpati dignaris. Prælium ut primus inis, ſic ab eodem ultimus deſiſtis: Dii interim immortales, te meliùs, quam ipſe ſoles, curent, ne nimium audendo, crudelis ſi in eos quos ſervaſti; præſertim cùm ex tuâ unius fortitudine & prudentiâ, tot populorum ſalus, tot principum ſecuritas pendere videatur. Si jubes eſſe felices, ſumus: Non tuos, ut alii reges, deprimis, ſed demulces, ſed attollis; neque vis tibi plura licere, quàm nobis omnibus, tu ſolus tuimet victor. Te eheu! teipſum vincere potuiſſe, luctuoſa occaſione conſtabat, quum Maria auguſta, quâ nulla ore amabilior, alloquio ſuavior terras reliquit. Emicuere in reginæ geſtu, in fronte, in oculis, majeſtas, candor, veneres, & quicquid delectationem & cultum unà conciliaret. Si Octavius Auguſtus, ſi Germanicus, ſi Trajanus, Liviam, Agrippinam, Plotinam jactaverint, ecquid de Heroinâ noſtrâ non eloquerentur omnes? ſed ſtillantis paſſim oculi, virtutes illius cœleſtes fortiùs nuperrimè enunciârunt,

Ipſe quidem, dive Gulielme, die iſthâc à lychrymis non temperaſti, ſed poſtquam te eſſe conjugem amantiſſimum probâſti, te eſſe heroem etiam meminiſti. Rebus Britannicis denuò invigilas, & negotia publica ſolus ſuſtines, neque magis patriam armis tutaris, quàm tuo ornas exemplo.

Ne miretur aliquis me finem collaudandi ignorare, quum tu finem mirè præſtandi neſcis; ſed in hoc minus ſtupenda

ſunt, quia tua. Monetam noſtram diminutam & adulterinam inveniſti, probum (ſed ſerò utinam) relinques. Britanni etiam ſub adventum tuum, molles & enerves, nil hodie Cæſare duce, niſi victoriam ſpirant, nil niſi turpem famem metuunt. Dies me ante deficeret, quam geſta tua percurrerem, & qui tota recenſere velit, quos tu emereris annos, habeat neceſſe eſt.

Talia de Hercule, de Scipione, de Marcello finguntur ſed de te vel majora certa ſunt. Fama profectò tua uſque adeo ſe diffudit, ubique gentium ſic inclaruit, ut bellicoſus ille Ruſſiæ imperator, geſtorum æmulus, & nominis tui cultor, te viſendi gratiâ, ab ultimo ſeptentrione venerit; tuo malens frui hoſpitio, tuas virtutes heroicas mirari quam dignitatem imperatoriam exercere, & qui eum domi manent triumphos, de Turcis Tartariſque debellatis, agere; & mox cùm eum tu, Prometheus alter, igne cœleſti animaveris, tuo afflatus genio, tuo nomine plenus, ad implenda Græcorum vota & vaticinia redibit, imperium Orientale auſpicaturus. Regna interim hæc uſque ad invidiam ſub auſpiciis tuis efflorescunt, qui tam Optimi regis, quam Maximi ducis omnes numeros impleviſti. Reliqua inſuper Europa, quin & ipſa Gallia, tam longis belli infortuniis vexata, ad regiam tuam legatos mittunt, & finem miſeriarum expetunt. Precibus eorum annuens, ut Jupiter olim, nutu tuo orbem pacâſti. Nunc ſilent litui, nunc rubiginem trahunt arma, nunc redeunt ſæcula ut olim aurea, conquieſcunt cives, nec hoſtium incurſionibus divexantur coloni. Deſinamus tandem omnes querelarum, & trophæa tua unanimes concinamus, dum te domum reducem, ſellæ curuli inſidentem, ſpoliis decoratum, tunicâ palmatâ, purpurâque indutum, lauro coronatum, captivorum agmine pone veniente, expectant regna tua; Galliâ denique in terminos proprios redactâ, Hiſpaniâ liberatâ,

Belgiâ in tuto positâ, & aquilæ Germanicæ alis ad Hungariæ fines expansis, tibi ludos publicos instituemus, teque orbis Europæi vindicem, te propugnatorem, te statorem grati nuncupabimus. Nec jactent Galli regem suum dedisse pacem, quam tot urbium, tot provinciarum redditione impetravit. Emit ergo sibi pacem Ludovicus decimus quartus, dedit Gulielmus verè magnus, idemque christianissimus, orbi christiano.

Vix impetum hic reprimo, sed quoniam princeps optimus gesta sua reticeri, quam justis suorum præconiis recenseri mallet, & propriâ virtute, non alienis laudibus inclaresçit, ad alia transibo; & vos omnes, collegæ, orabo, ut in quantum clementissimus totius terrarum orbis monarcha, regii hujus collegii patrocinium suscepit, aliquid saltem tanto patrono dignum moliamini. Præsidiis optimi doctissimique, & quamplurimorum hujusce qui adsunt societatis, exempla satis præclara vobis propono; illi enim angustiarum & calamitatum alienarum participes, repositorium pharmacis omnimodis probe instructum, in egenorum levamen poni curarunt. Si pietas itaque tanta, charitas tanta vos commovere valeat, si non in cæteris, in hoc tamen conformes estote obsecro; nisi eò ventum est, ut inimicos non solum foris, sed domi etiam inveniamus. Si statuta, si fides data, vana nomina sint, vestrâ utcunque interest, collegæ, ne immunitates vestras vili faciant isti, qui vobis subservire debent, sed ut privilegia quæ à majoribus accepistis, posteris relinquatis. A vobis itaque obnixè peto, ut rursus in concordiam redeatis; ut litibus inter nos compositis, societatis nostræ emolumento unà consulamus.

Res, tempus, necessitas, magis quam oratio mea vos hortentur. Nonne eò res devenit, ut nunc vereamini eos, quibus vos decet esse terrori; quibus honesta & inhonesta omnia

pariter lucro ſunt; qui eruditionis inopes, qui moribus inculti, qui omni poſito pudore, ædes haſce funditus evertere ſatagunt; qui, quod ſpiramus, indignantur: ſed licet diſcordiis noſtris quàm ſuis conſiliis ſint feliciores; intelligant tamen non fortiùs vigilare ad collegii ſimul & populi ſalutem, quam ad perniciem illi. Vos interim collegæ, (agant inter ſe iſti ut lubent) datæ fidei memores futuros ſpero. Plura dicerem ſi apud pertinaces valerent verba, nam ingenuis abundè dictum puto.

LUCRETII EDITIONIS DEDICATIO DESIGNATA.

SERENISSIMO PRINCIPI

GEORGIO LUDOVICO,

BRUNS. ET LUN. DUCI, &c.

PRINCEPS SERENISSIME,

SCRIPTOREM perlectu non indignum, ſummâ, ut par eſt, obſervantiâ tuos ob oculos pono. Erudiatne utiliùs, an delectet elegantiùs, jure dubitemus. Quamplurimi forſan putent, dignitatis tuæ me parum rationem habere, quæ, quicquid forte deliraverim, auguſto tuo nomini conſecrare voluerim: ſed & clementiam tuam & tenuitatem meam juxta novi. Eâ es humanitate, ut dum Heroem te probas maximum, Patronum te præbes optimum. Incertum ſi in oppugnantem ſis vehementior, an ſupplicanti facilior. Si Lucretius his temporibus vixiſſet, & de rebus quas fortiter ſuſceperis & feliciter perfeceris, certior factus eſſet, providentiam divinam geſtis tuis annuentem, ipſe ultrò agnoſceret, & gerendis non defuturam facile prædicaret. Neque adverſus mortis timorem validius quicquam ſtatueret, quam animi tui magnitudinem; neque dulcius ſolatium, quam vitæ integritatem. Si magna, quæ molitus fuiſti admodum adhuc adoleſcens, & ad ardua quæque ſubeunda natus, enumeranda forent; expugnatam Treverim, Viennam liber-

atam tranſire nefas eſſet; quorum altera coronam obſidionalem tibi donavit, muralem altera. Neque te in Hungaria prœliantem tacerem, ubi in id bellum incidiſti, cujus altera pars ſudoris nimiùm habuit, altera felicitatis parum. Atque res imperatorias tu, romani imperii vindex, privato commodo habuiſti potiores. De rebus in Holſatiâ geſtis & compluribus aliis non ſilerem; neque quæ in Flandriâ, nupero exardente bello, ſunt notiora, prætermitterem. Nunquis etiam ignorat, quanta ad Rhenum, legionibus belli inexpertis, recens geſſeris? Famâ propriâ Europæ ſaluti poſthabitâ, victoris perſonam poſuiſti, ut patriæ conſervatoris indueres; & pulchrè ſtatuiſti te, cedendo gloriæ bellorum, auctorum tuam. Exercitum inſtructiſſimum dimiſiſti aliò ducendum, & tumultuario per ſingulas provincias cenſu conſcripto præeſſe inſtituiſti; eo certe conſilio, ut nihil velles quod poſſes; eo exitu, ut ubique potueris quantum volueris & prudenter conſulta tibi tam feliciter ceſſare, ut de gallis tandem triumphâris. Sed vereor nec celſitudini tuæ ſim moleſtior, quæ magna moliri, quam maxima de te recenſeri malis; in appetenda gloria ardentior; in ferenda moderatior; & licet victorias novas prioribus cumules, verecundia tua uſque adhuc reſtat invicta.

Non tibi, ſed tuis te natum arbitraris, & otium, quod aliis paras, tibi ſoli denegas. Non de imperio proferendo certas, ſed de libertate vindicanda. Quis in hoſtem gravior? Quis in civem benignior? In caſtris diſciplinam inſtituis; in tribunali juſtitiam; & jus cuique ſuum dux & princeps reddis, quod miles & civis exoptares.

Voluntas principum eſt aliquando pro legibus. Tu illis ſolutum te nolles; ſed ſalubriter latæ ſive utiliter emendatæ tibi præcipue arrident; & tales conſtituis, quibus tui pareant, & quas ipſe etiam ſerves; ſi quid imperant, imperas;

ſi quid vetant, vetas; inde tibi cautum eſt, hoc ne agas; illud ut exequaris.

Te genus avitum, & jus à majoribus acceptum, tot ſeculorum inſuper conſuetudine approbatum, ſuper cæteros extulerunt; ſed ea eſt moderatio tua, vix quicquam ut tibi, qui omnia potes, niſi quod jure fiat, permiſſum velis. Non jus vi obrui ſinis; potentiores ne humiliores opprimant, prohibes. Si ſtudia leniora minus valeant, aſperioribus invitus coerces, & ſeveritatem clementiâ uſque eò temperas ut metus frequentior, & pœna rarior eveniat.

Non deſunt principes qui vix quicquam, ſi dominationi conducat, turpe exiſtimant; quicquid æquum eſt averſantur, quicquid iniquum, gratum habent; & probant improbantque, non prout ratio poſtulat, ſed quem admodum hortatur ambitio. Ipſe id ante omnia conſulis, rectumne ſit an pravum, & ne vectigalibus tuos, ne armis vicinos opprimas, caves.

Plerique inani dignitatis imagine adducti, memores, ſe eſſe principes, ſe eſſe homines ſunt obliti. Tu, cum ab aulicis curis vaces, non alio, quoquo te vertis ſatellitio, niſi piis intuentium votis ſtipatus incedis; & eo aliis es major quo aliis te reddis magis parem. Nonnulli in conſiliis capiendis mobiles, non niſi blanditiis inſidiantibus aurem admovent, & aliorum merita, non proprio judicio, ſed adulatorum arbitrio metiuntur. Tu in ſententia conſtans, & adulationem procul amovens, ad aliorum nutum te minimè convertis. Inſontes te habent propugnatorum; abſentes vindicem; facinorum præclarè geſtorum ii te prædicatorem inveniunt, quibus antea fueras exemplo; & quicquid fieri, ut dux juſſeris, facto, ut commilito, gratularis. Te maximè laudat qui veriſſima refert, ſive virtutes tuas, ſive majorum recordetur. Erat tibi pater heroum genere natus, bellico-

rum pariter munerum atque civilium ſummè peritus. Supereſt mater longo regum ordine genus deducens, & animi magnitudine ſupra fœminam conſpicua, nihil muliebre præ ſe ferens, præter hilaritatem priſcam & gratam oris venuſtatem.

Juvat denique filium memorare, Europæ ſpem alteram, optimâ indole principem, artibus omnigenis inſtructiſſimum; & ob mores amabiles æque infimis atque ſummis charum. Qui gloriam, virtutis tuæ æmulus, more tuo adipiſcitur; adeptam more tuo parvi ducit. Neſcio an famæ curſum impleveris jam ipſe magis fortiter, an inchoaverit ille feliciter, pro mortalitate à parente acceptâ immortalitatem redditurus. Quantus in armis ſit, certò ſcimus; quantus evaſurus, auguramur; proinde quo optimè laudemus patrem, filium oportet nominemus. Quid votorum ſupereſt, niſi ut bene meritus eſt ab omnibus, ſummo in honore habeatur ab omnibus; Quæ de te vulgavit fama, læti accipimus, grati recognoſcimus. In moribus ineſt humanitas, in officiis probitas, in verbis fides; & qualis haberi velis, talem te eſſe lætaris. Cum regina proinde optima (quam dii immortales diutiſſimè ſervent) extremum reddiderit ſpiritum, te tuoſque ſenatus populuſque Britannicus certatem ad ſe accerſent, genti univerſæ quam eliciſſimè imperaturos.

LINES

AS THEY STOOD IN THE FIRST EDITION OF THE

DISPENSARY,

AND

NOTES TO IT.

CANTO I.

Page 23. line 8. Angry juſtice——Old Baily.

P. 24. l. 3. A dome——College of Phyſicians.

l. 12. And as ſhe diſappear'd,——
——they ſtill purſu'd.
They find her dubious now, and then as plain,
Here's ſhe's too ſparing; there profuſely vain.

P. 25. l. 14. Impudence to Sloane——
Why Atticus polite, Brutus ſevere,
Why Methwin muddy, Montague why clear.

P. 26. l. 25. Stubborn flint engage——The building of the Diſpenſary.

P. 28. l. 9. And leave to tatter'd Crape—See Boil. Lut.

P. 29. l. 8. The peals of Naſſau's arms—See Boil. Lut.

l. 17. He ſhook off the dull miſt——
Sometimes among the Caſpian cliffs I creep,
Where ſolitary bats and ſwallows ſleep;

Or if ſome cloiſter's refuge I implore,
Where holy drones o'er dying tapers ſnore,
Still Naſſau's arms a ſoft repoſe deny,
Keep me awake and follow where I fly.
Since he has bleſſed the weary world with peace,
And with a nod has bid Bellona ceaſe;
I ſought the covert of ſome peaceful cell,
Where ſilent ſhades in harmleſs raptures dwell;
That reſt might paſt tranquility reſtore,
And mortal never interrupt us more.

P. 29. l. 19. Theſe walls———
Nought unterneath this roof but damps are found,
Nought heard but drowſy beetles buzzing round.
Spread Cobwebs hide the walls, and duſt the floors,
And midnight ſilence guards the noiſe leſs doors,

l. 32. Moſt likely there———
Or in cabals, or camps, or at the bar,
Or where ill poets pennyleſs conſer,
Or in the ſenate-houſe at Weſtminſter.

CANTO II.

P. 32. l. 8. With pious leer——See Dryd. Fab.

P. 33. l. 2. So light'ning gilds———
Then ſhe: Alas! how long in vain have I
Aim'd at thoſe noble ills the fates deny?
Within this iſle for ever muſt I find
Diſaſters to diſtract my reſtleſs mind?
Good Tenniſon's celeſtial piety
At laſt has rais'd him to the ſacred ſee.

Sommers does ſick'ning equity reſtore,
And helpleſs orphans are oppreſs'd no more.
Pembroke to Britain endleſs bleſſings brings;
He ſpoke; and peace clapp'd her triumphant wings:
Great Ormond ſhines illuſtriouſly bright
With blazes of hereditary right.
The noble ardor of a royal ſire
Inſpires the gen'rous breaſt of Devonſhire.
And Macclesfield is active to defend
His country with the zeal he loves his friend.
Like Leda's radiant ſons divinely clear,
Portland and Jerſey deck'd in rays appear,
To gild by turns the Gallic hemiſphere.
Worth in diſtreſs is rais'd by Montague;
Auguſtus liſtens if Mæcenas ſue;
And Vernon's vigilance no ſlumber takes,
Whilſt faction peeps abroad, and anarchy awakes.

P. 33. l. 20. Ætna's fear.——In Ætna were forged the thunderbolts which Jove employed againſt the ambition of the Giants.

P. 35. l. 6. A barren ſuperfluity of words——
In haſte he ſtrides along to recompenſe
The want of buſineſs with its vain pretence.

P. 37. l. 16. That health,——
Whilſt we, at our expence, muſt perſevere,
And for another world, be ruin'd here.

CANTO. III.

P. 40. l. 25. The Diſpenſary they call——Medicines made up there, for the uſe of the poor.

P. 42. l. 10. Whoſe kind indulgence———
Thou that would'ſt lay whole ſtates and regions waſte,
Sooner than we thy cormorants ſhould faſt.

P. 42. l. 28. Curs'd Diſpenſary expire——See the alluſion. Theoc. Farm.

P. 43. l. 5. A ſtructure on a riſing hill—Apothecary's hall.

l. 11. How mournful Myrrha——See Ov. Met.

l. Th' aſſembly Diaſenna——
But now late jars or practices detect,
For mines, when once diſcover'd, loſe th' effect.
Diſſenſions, like ſmall ſtreams, are firſt begun,
Scarce ſeen the riſe, but gather as they run.
So lines that from their parallel decline,
More they advance, the more they ſtill disjoin.

P. 48. l. 24. The fabrick ſhook——The room the apothecaries meet in, is over the laboratory.

CANTO IV.

P. 51. l. 31. O that near Xanthus' banks—See Hom. Il.

P. 53. l. 25. With him,—See the imitation, Hor. Sat. 5.

P. 54. l. 27. Arms meet with arms, King Arthur, p. 307.

l. 33. And hideous war——King Arthur, p. 327.

P. 55. l. 2. Naked and half-burnt hills—Pr. Arthur, p. 307.

P. 55. l. 28. And little loves——
The Tiber now no gentle Gallus ſees,
But ſmiling Thames enjoys her Normanbys.

P. 56. l. 1. Pauſaunias was writ,—— Pauſanias written by Mr. Norton.

P. 56. l. 11. Long did Apelles—See Hor. B. 2. Ep. 1. Plin. Plaut. Cic. Ep. Val. Max.

P. 56. l. 14. None but a Phidias——
The fury ſaid; and vaniſhing from ſight,
Cry'd out, to arms; ſo left the realms of light,
The combatants to th' enterpriſe conſent,
And the next day ſmil'd on the great event.

P. 57. l. 29. The ſhining lyre—Orpheus's harp made a conſtellation.

P. 57. l. 30. Than hell's before;—See Manil.

P. 59. l. 13. Upon an amethyſt—This ſtone reckoned fortunate; ſee the Hiſt. of Nat. Magic.

P. 59. l. 24. Pills charge on pills.—See the alluſion, Lucan.

P. 60. l. 17. Thus Ariadne——See Steph.

l. 18. She loſt a hero—Theſeus.

l. id. Found a God.—Bacchus.

CANTO. V.

P. 63. l. 28. With one fat ſlave——
But ſoon what they've exalted they'll diſcard,
And ſet up Carus or the city bard.

Alarm'd at this the hero courage took,
And ſtorms of terror threaten'd in his look.
My dread reſolves, he cry'd, I'll ſtraight purſue;
The fury ſatisfy'd, in ſmiles withdrew.

P. 65. l. 31. By Mukiber,—See the alluſion Hom. Iliad. B. 18. Virg. Æn. B. 8.

P. 65. l. 2. And yet the work—See Ovid. Met. B. 2.

l. 19. His creſt an Ibis,—This bird, according to the ancients, gives itſelf a clyſter with its beak.

l. 21. Young Querpoides—Alluding to Aſtyanax. See Hom. Il.

l. 29 An Orang-Outang—The ſkin of a diſſected baboon, called ſo.

P. 66. l. 8. A Diomed—See Hom. Il. B. 5.

P. 67. l. 20. A council's call'd——
True to extremes, yet to dull forms a ſlave,
He's always dully gay, or vainly grave.
With indignation, and a daring air,
He paus'd a while, and thus addreſs'd the chair.

P. 67. l. 32. To humble——
What Stentor offer'd was by moſt approv'd:
But ſev'ral voices ſeveral methods mov'd.
At length th' advent'rous heroes all agree
T' expect the foe, and act defenſively.
Into the ſhop their bold battalions move,
And what their chief commands, the reſt approve.
Down from the walls they tear the ſhelves in haſte,
Which on their flank for paliſades are plac'd;
And then, behind the compter rang'd they ſtand,
Their front ſo well ſecur'd, t' obey command.

And now the ſcouts the adverſe hoſt deſcry,
Blue aprons in the air for colours fly:
With unreſiſted Force they urge their way,
And find the foe embattled in array.

P. 70. l. 1. And rais'd an eagle-ſtone,—See Plin.

l. 18. Their muſe—See Taſſ.

P. 71. l. 18. The lov'd Diſpens'ry——See the alluſion, Virg. Æn.

l. 28. He ſpied Signetur—Thoſe members of the college that obſerve a late ſtatute, are called by the apothecaries Signetur men.

P. 72. l. 2. The inquiſition wink at hereſy——
Faith ſtand unmov'd thro' Stillingfleet's defence,
And Locke for myſtery abandon ſenſe.

CANTO VI.

P. 73. l. 5. Differing beams beſtow—See Newt. of Col.

P. 74. l. 14. Hygeia—Health, celebrated by the ancients as a goddeſs.

l. 17. Was by Ægeria—See Ov. Met.

P. 75. l. 9. Erucæ hide,—See Godort of caterpillars and butterflies.

l. 20. See Yalk, on mines.

P. 77. l. 23. Febris—Fever.

l. 27. Hydrops—Dropſy.

l. 31. Lepra—Leproſy.

P. 78. l. 3. Pthiſis—Conſumption.

P. 78. l. 27. Penſive ſhade,—See the alluſion, Vir. Æn. 6.

P. 80. l. 28. The ſilent ſhade—See Virg. Æn. 6.

P. 83. l. 8. A temple—A temple built at Rome, in the iſland of Tiber to Æſculapius, ſon of Apollo.

P. 84. l. 31. Jove's eagle——Read the ceremony of the Apotheoſis.

P. 85. l. 3. Near thee, Alcides—Hercules, a conſtellation near Ariadne's crown.

CLAREMONT.

P. 90. l. 22. Alcmena's ſon———Hercules.

P. 92. l. 12. Paint but woade——Glaſtum. See Pliny. Ἰσάτις. See Dioſcorides.

P. 93. l. 27. Upright in actions,——Mores eis ſimplices, à verſutiâ & improbitatè noſtræ tempeſtatis hominum longe remoti. See Diod. Sic. bib. hiſt. lib. 4. verſ. lat.

l. 15. The Druids——Jam per ſe roborum eligunt lucos. Plin. lib. 16.

l. 16. The Miſſelto——Et nihil habent Druidæ viſco, et arbore in quâ gignatur, ſi modò ſit robur, ſacratius. Plin. ibid. Et viſcum druida. Ovid.

l. 29 Deum maximè Mercurium colunt: Hunc omnium inventorem artium ferunt; poſt hunc, Jovem, Apollinem, &c.

P. 94. l. 4. No politicks—De republicâ, niſi per concilium, loqui non conceditur. Cæſ. lib. 6.

l. 20. The ſeaſons——Multa præterea de ſideribus, et eorum motu, de rerum natura, &c. Cæſ.

P. 95. l. 15. Imprimis hoc volunt perſuadere, non interire animas, ſed ab aliis poſt mortem tranſire ad alios. Cæſ.

l. 18. They revive——Et vos barbaricos ritus —— ſacrorum druidæ——redituræ parcere vitæ.——Regit idem ſpiritus artus. Lucan lib. 1.

l. 27. In rhymes uncouth,—— Et magnum numerum verſuum ediſcere dicuntur. Cæſ.

l. 30. Their ſong——Superſtitione vanâ druidæ cæmentâ, &c. Tacit. lib. 4.

P. 99. l. 28. The Delphick god——Et partim auguriis, partim conjecturâ, quæ eſſent futura, &c. Cic. de Divin.

P. 99. l. 1. From Jove—Son of Jupiter and Danae.

l. 27. Great Edward's order——Theologi & vates erant apud eos, druidas ipſi vocant, qui à victimarum extis de futuris divinant. Diod. Sic lat. ver.

KEY

TO THE

DISPENSARY.

Mirmillo,	Dr. Gibbons
Stentor,	Dr. Goodall
Bard,	Sir Richard Blackmore
Celſus,	Dr. Bateman
Machaon,	Dr. Millington
Atticus,	Lord Chancellor Somers
Carus,	Dr. Tyſon
Querpo,	Dr. How
Brutus,	Lord Chief Juſtice Holt
Horoſcope and Magus,	Dr. Barnard
Colocynthis,	Dare, an apothecary
Vagellius,	Serjeant Darnell
Colon,	Lee, an apothecary
Aſcarides,	Bridges and Parrot
Scribarius,	Dr. Lyſter
Pſylus,	Dr. Woodward
Umbra,	Dr. Gould
Hygea,	The goddeſs of health
Delegate and Celſus,	Dr. Garth and Dr. Bateman
Guiacum,	Dr. Hobbs
Mulciber,	Thomas Feely
Cairon,	Dr. Gill
Lucina,	Dr. Chamberlayn
Pauſanias,	a play by Norton.

ERRATA.

Page 6 line 12 for independenc, read independence.
17 line 4 for oar, read ore.
206 line 12 for unterneath, read underneath.
208 line 14 for the, read they.
212 line 18 for Miſſelto, read Miſleto.

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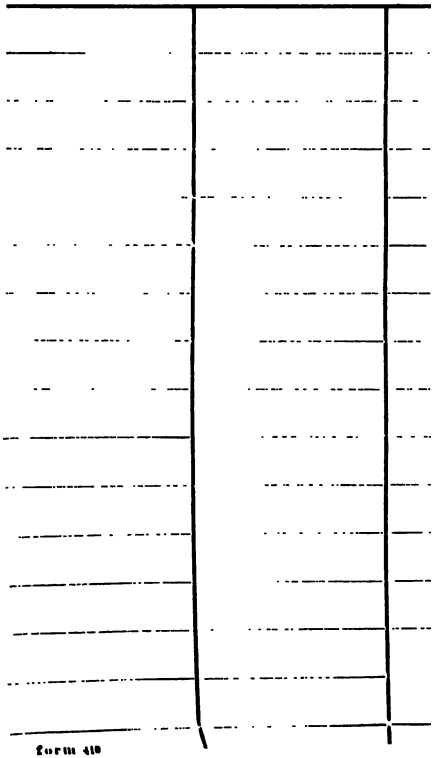
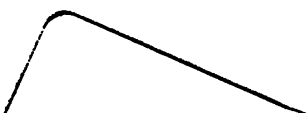
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